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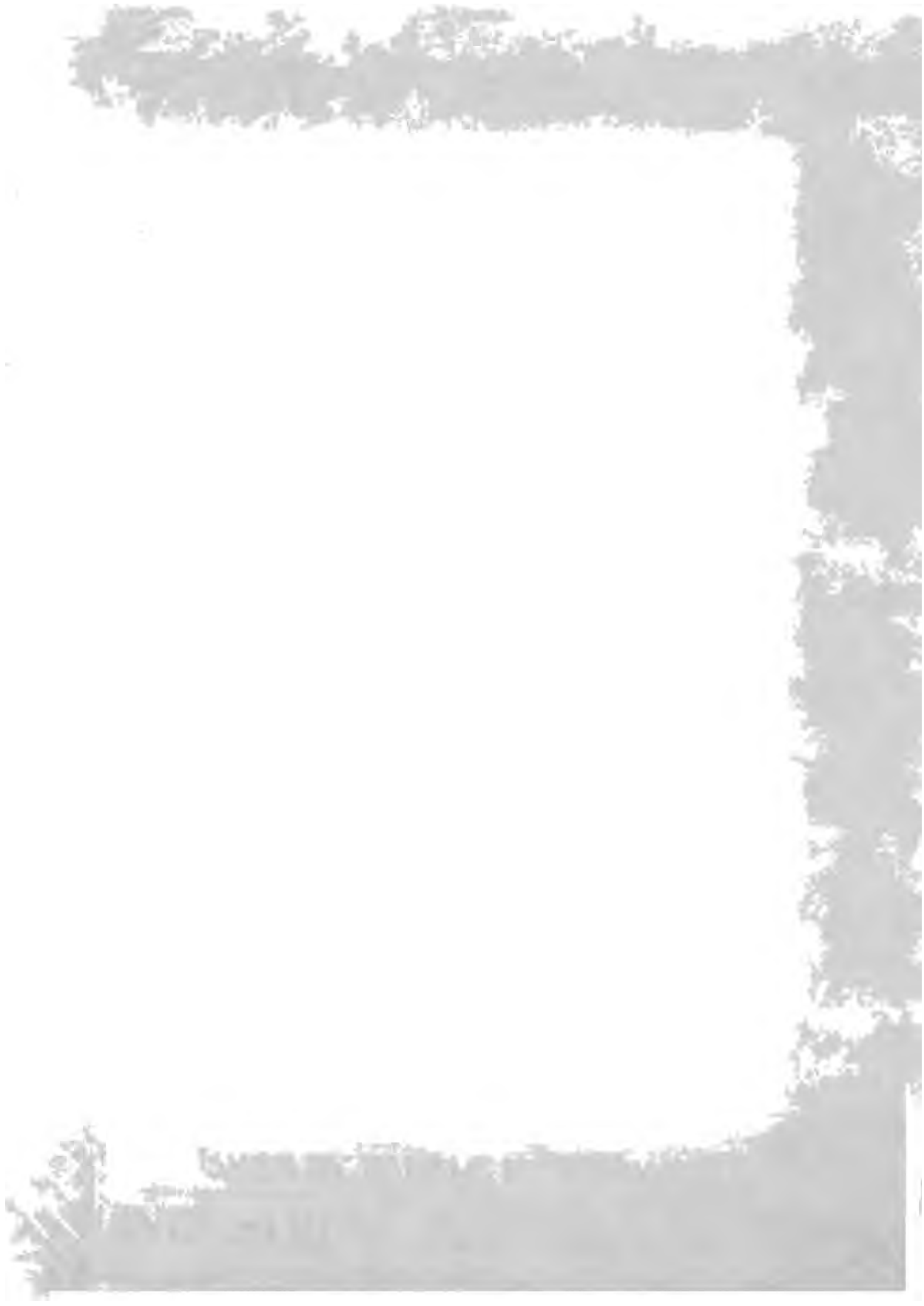

CHICAGO IN PICTURE AND POETRY

BY

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

Author of
The Ballad of Manila Bay & other Verses.
Provincial Types in American Fiction: etc.

With One Hundred Illustrations

PUBLISHED BY RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
FOR THE
INDUSTRIAL ART LEAGUE

MCMIII

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BY
RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR

TO

PRESIDENT WILLIAM R. HARPER

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AS A SLIGHT RECOGNITION OF HIS GREAT SERVICE IN SHAPING THE HIGH IDEALS OF THE CITY

INTRODUCTION

IT were possible to make each man, woman and child in Chicago proud of the city and eager to serve it, a great step would be taken toward the development of that higher civic life which is the dream of every thoughtful and loving citizen—a life out of which would spring, as naturally as the corn from the seed, the city beautiful and true and just and pure.

Such a book as the present must do something—and if every person in the city would read and study it, it would do much—to secure this end; for its effect must be to quicken the civic pride and affection of every one who examines it.

A study of its pages will be a revelation to every person who has not taken the pains to look upon the city from this point of view. He will be surprised at the natural beauty which lies all unsuspected or unnoticed about him. He will be still more surprised, perhaps, to note how little, after all, man has defaced

the natural beauty of lake and sky and river and woods, or how, strange to say, some of his ugliest creations seem to increase and heighten their very beauty. He will be even more surprised, possibly, at the progress which has been made toward the city beautiful in our parks, our streets, our buildings—in the monuments of art and architecture which are beginning to rise on every hand; and most surprised of all at the strange beauty and sublimity—open, it is true, only to the discerning eye—which lurks everywhere under the smoke and dirt of our city life, a life which seems to the darkened vision of a supercilious æsthete only sordid and mean.

It is fortunate for us to have among us a man who has the good taste which qualifies him to select what is most characteristic and artistic in the life of the city for reproduction here, and the good-will to spend weeks and months in patient labor to picture it all at its best.

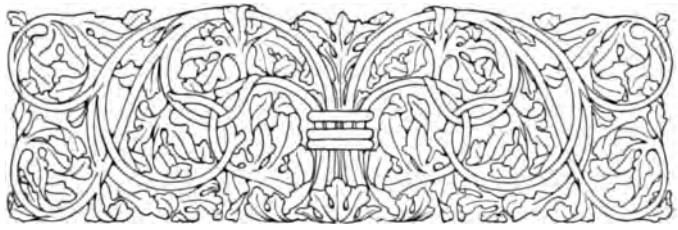
Doubly fortunate we are, too, that he can not only himself see the deep beauty and the deeper meanings that lie in all those things, but that he can put these meanings into charming verse which, in the contemplation of this beauty, brings an added pleasure to every sensitive and thoughtful soul. Many of his lines will be linked forever in our memory with the landscapes or buildings or statues which inspired his song. The

touch of fancy was sorely needed to explain those grotesque forms over the Hull Gateway; but once thus touched they remain forever full of life and meaning.

Let this book go into every Chicago home, into all our school libraries, into the hands of all our children, and every good cause in this city will feel the beneficent results of its influence in stirring the pride and quickening the spirit of service in all our people.

EDMUND J. JAMES

President Northwestern University



PREFACE

PICTURES are often the truest expression of poetic suggestion and feeling, it has seemed best to let them take the chief place in the book; and it is hoped that they will tend to dissipate the impression so widely held that Chicago is utterly lacking in the things that make an appeal to the imagination and the sense of beauty.

Chicago is so commonly identified in the public mind with the limits of Cook County that it seemed appropriate to include a few pictures taken from the immediate environs of the city. Typical illustrations of the city's great industrial life have also been included.

The division of "The Ballad of Manila Bay and Other Verses" devoted to Chicago themes has been incorporated in the present volume; and, among the various phases of the city's life that have been touched upon in the verse, something of its sport was naturally suggested, as a people's sport is in some aspects a people's poetry.

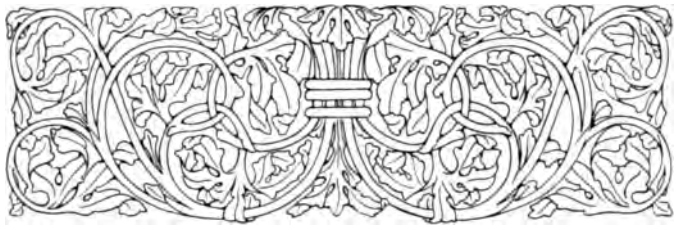
A cordial acknowledgment of courtesies is due to President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, President of Armour Institute, Director W. M. R. French of the Art Institute, Miss Jane Addams, President John W. Gates of the Illinois Steel Company, A. Montgomery Ward, Professor S. W. Burnham of the Yerkes Observatory, Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson of the University of Chicago, Lorado Taft, Oliver Dennett Grover, Charles Francis Browne, Ralph Clarkson, S. S. Beman, President John R. Walsh, Chicago National Bank, Dr. Frederick S. Millspaugh and Mr. William Menke of the Field Columbian Museum, T. George Hislop and Charles C. Cook of the Chicago Society of Amateur Photographers, F. K. Lawrence, Gayton A. Douglass, A. Fleury, T. A. Hagerty, Daniel P. Trude, Howard W. Foote, Herbert B. Semmelmeyer, George W. Ward, Allen Ayrault Green, Official Photographer of the Burlington Route, Samuel F. Wader, William Herbert Baker, Ralph D. Cleveland, R. A. Perdieu, Charles J. Mulligan, Frederick O. Bemm, Photographer of the Art Institute, H. D. LaMar, Henry E. Torgersen, Dr. F. B. Noyes.

Especial thanks are due to Daniel Chester French for his courtesy in allowing the use of "Death and the Sculptor" as an illustration; to the editor of *The New Metropolitan*, New York, for permission to republish

"The Voice of the City Streets;" and to President Edmund J. James, of Northwestern University, for his introduction and his long-continued interest in the making of the book.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1903



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DRAWN BY RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR

CHICAGO

RECT, commanding, like a goddess born,
With strength and beauty glowing in her face
And all her stately form attired in grace,
She stands beside her lake to greet the morn.
Behind her, rustling leaves of yellow corn
That whisper richest comfort to the race;
And 'neath her gaze, the waters' purple space
A thousand flashing sails with light adorn.
Still in her sight shine visions of the fair—
Immortal Art illuming human ill,
And far-eyed Science blessing with her care;
While through her soul, in purpose to fulfill
And reach her highest hope beyond compare,
Throbs deep and strong the strenuous cry: "I will."

MARQUETTE BUILDING

HERMAN A. MAC NEIL, SCULPTOR

ARRIVAL OF MARQUETTE AT THE CHICAGO RIVER

("Passing two leagues up the river, we resolved to winter there. * * * being detained by my illness.")—MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL

MARQUETTE BUILDING — HERMAN A. MAC NEIL, SCULPTOR

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET LAUNCHING THEIR CANOE ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE WISCONSIN

MARQUETTE BUILDING

HERMAN A. MAC NEIL, SCULPTOR

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

("In vain I showed the Calumet * * to explain that we had not come as enemies.")—MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL

MARQUETTE BUILDING

CHIEF CHICAGOU

EDWARD KEMEYS

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK — L. C. EARLE

"WOLF'S POINT" AT THE JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH BRANCHES OF THE CHICAGO RIVER

(Saganash Hotel and Postoffice on the left, and Green Point Hotel on the right)

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK — L. C. EARLE

THE FIRST GRAIN ELEVATOR IN CHICAGO

BY PERMISSION CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A. L. VAN DER BERGHEN, SCULPTOR, 1898
(From a Drawing of Captain John Whistler)

MODEL OF THE FIRST FORT DEARBORN [1803–1812]

THE MARCH OF CHICAGO

BORN with the century's birth time
And sheltered within a fort;
Stript of a roof by savages
At the river's lonely port;
Driven by demons of whirlwind
And a million rushing flames,
And smitten by anarchy's reddened hands
And a thousand deadly shames,
Still upward and onward she marches,
With victory on her lips,
And a dauntless eye and a strenuous cry
To the world that she outstrips.

CHORUS—*Then cheers for the mighty city,*
As she marches on her way,
With her banners high in the smoke-filled sky
And her face turned toward the day;
Marching along, two million strong,
Three times three cheers for Chica-go!

Out from the rustling cornfields
With their granaries of health;
Out from the forge's blackness
And the foundry's molten wealth;

RUINS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE

ARCHWAY OF THE MERCHANTS' BUILDING, LA SALLE STREET, THE OLD CITY HALL IN BACKGROUND

Out by the shining pathway
Of Michigan's level floor,
And the wheel-spun iron network
That leads to every door,
Still outward and onward she marches,
With victory on her lips,
And a dauntless eye and a strenuous cry
To the world that she outstrips.

By her work for the suffering people
Who look to her thoughtful aid;
By her care for the helpless children
Whose debt is never paid;
By her love for the great White City
Resplendent in its grace,
And her leafy parks spread softly
For men of every race,
She is moving onward and upward,
With victory on her lips,
And a dauntless eye and a strenuous cry
To the world that she outstrips.

Through her sons in their hopeful vigor
And their generous thought alive;
Through her daughters' splendid fairness

RUINS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE

SITE OF DRAKE BLOCK, CORNER WABASH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON STREET

(Second Presbyterian Church in background)

And their souls that win and strive;
Through the disciplines of study
And the scholar's fruitful calm,
And the open book and the press outspread
And the church spire's lofty psalm,
She is moving upward and onward,
With victory on her lips,
And a dauntless eye and a strenuous cry
To the world that she outstrips.

CHORUS—*Then cheers for the mighty city,*
As she marches on her way,
With her banners high in the smoke-filled sky
And her face turned toward the day;
Marching along, two million strong,
Three times three cheers for Chica-go!

SETTING SAIL FOR LAKE MICHIGAN

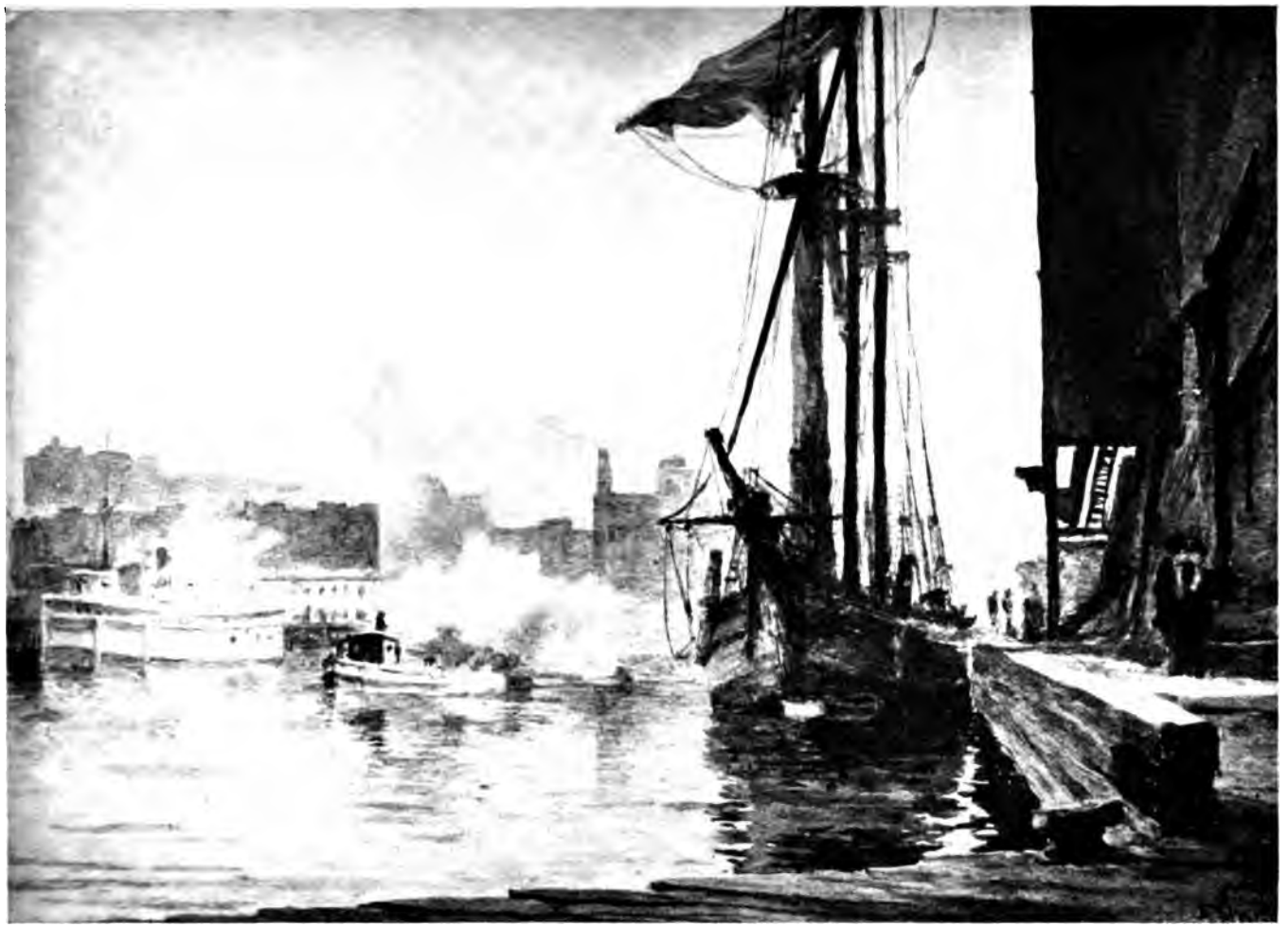
A WILLOW NEAR THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, JACKSON PARK

TOWING A BARGE ON THE CHICAGO RIVER

THE CHICAGO RIVER

(On the completion of the canal)

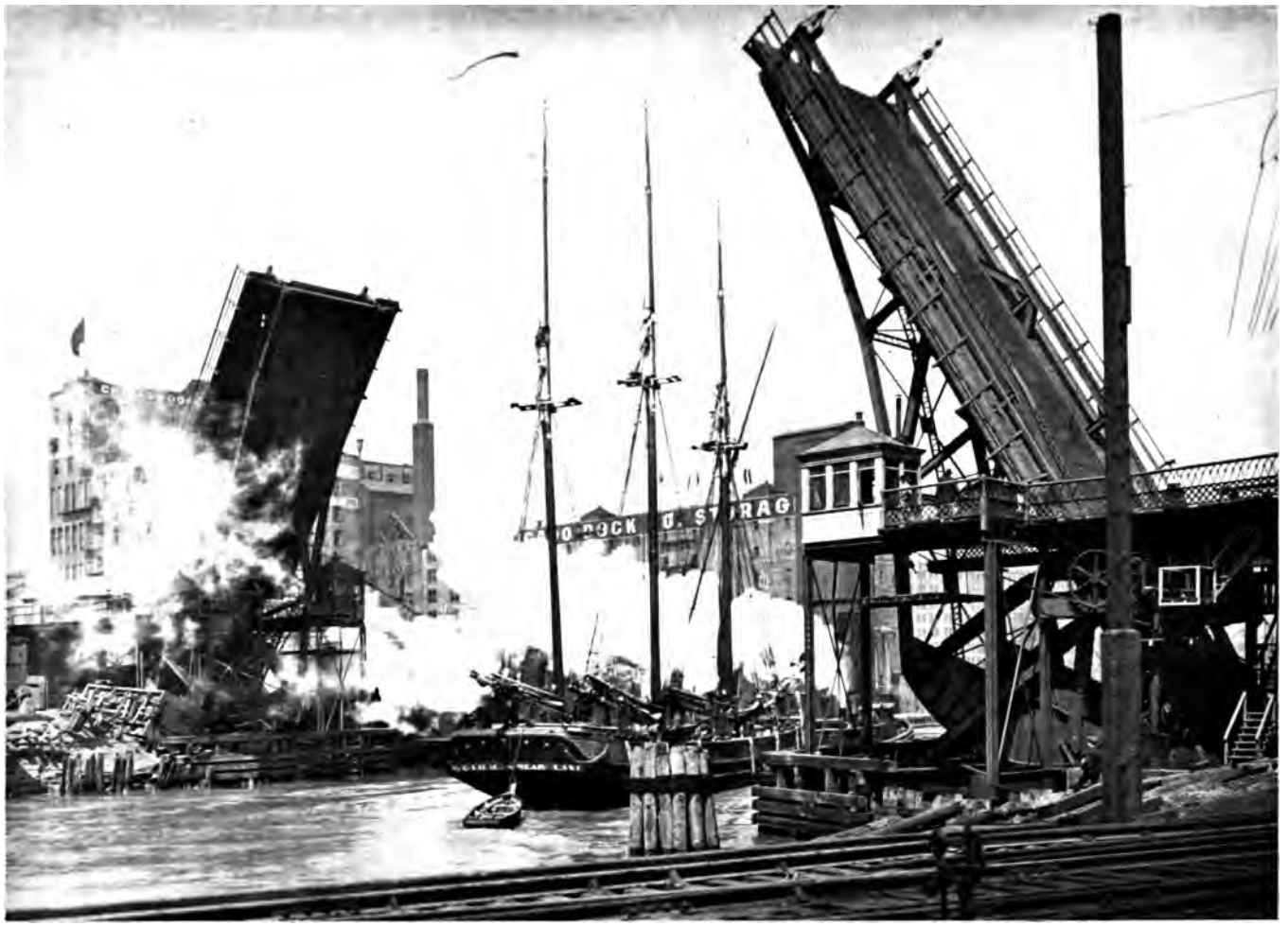
CONVERTED stream! that once with instincts dark
Went on thy wicked way beneath a curse,
And from thy blackened soul breathed out contagion—
Thy bright new liquid self that now no more
Can burn with every passing tug, we hail!
Thrice hail to thee, thou lovely, liquid thing,
Whose shining face now wears a smile celestial,
And whose inmost life is sweet with purity.
Once slow with desperate sloth,
Thou movest now with righteous vigor forth,
And men can surely know thy real direction.
That best philosopher, the fisherman,
Who once went coldly by with undropped line,
Now contemplates thy newest daily charm,
Seeking to pierce thy tempting mystery
That folds secure a silvery string of fish.
The very bridges move with buoyant ease
Above thy upturned radiant face of joy;
The puffing tugs delight to stir the richness
Of thy sun-filled, limpid depths; and mightier craft—
Propeller, winged schooner, barque and barge,
The swift-keeled yacht and all the watery host—



FROM A PAINTING BY A. FLEURY

THE CHICAGO RIVER, THE SCHILLER BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

Press lingeringly thy fair and tender bosom
And once thou smelt to heaven,
While crossing millions held their noses firm
And prayed that thou mightst lose thy noisome life;
And now they hover o'er thy sweet, fresh breath
And think of summer breezes blowing soft,
And shining sails, and foamy breaking surf
Agleam with sunset or a large, low moon.



BASCULE BRIDGE, TAYLOR STREET

MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER

THE WOODED ISLE, JACKSON PARK, THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM IN THE BACKGROUND

FROM A CITY ROOF

(South Park)

ON the deck of my big night steamer, aloft in my low sea-chair,
Wrapped 'round with a southern softness and breathing a sweet sea air,
I sail of a summer evening beneath a starry sky,
And wonder long at the beauty that never passes by.

For I see on the far-off Temple a crown of softened light
That rests with a golden glory on the city in its might;
And off at the harbor's entrance, where the piers push long and dark,
The red and yellow beacon flashes out its shining mark.

And down past the lone Rabida, below the reddened cloud,
Flame up the leaping torches where the ranks of labor crowd;
Till my eye goes wandering lakeward where the constellations move
Of the hidden ships that pass and their pilot's eye approve.

UNIVERSITY TOWER FROM HULL COURT, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

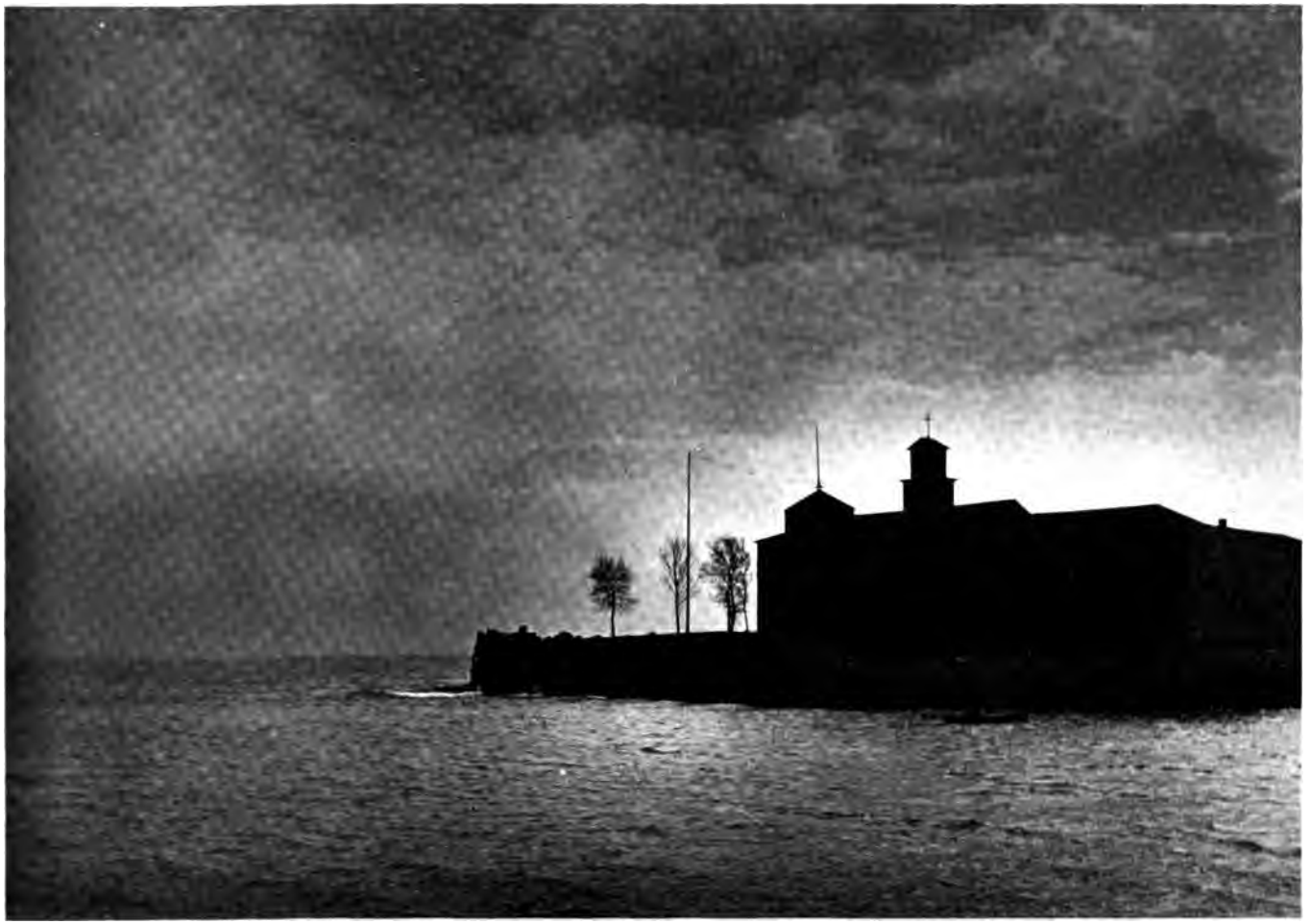
The Midway's glittering pageant, reaching down from park to park,
Shoots a thousand cycle signals through the scintillating dark;
And the studious windows shining in the Varsity's looming walls
Mark off in mellow outline the gray old gothic halls.

And all below me gleam the lights of a myriad city homes
That are dearer to the city man than a myriad glittering domes;
For the faces there are glowing with a love that keeps him strong
And comes to his wearied heart and brain like the sweetness of a song.

So, when the night comes down above the city streets,
And silent-shining star his silent brother greets,
On the deck of my lofty roof I love to take my sail,
And watch the passing lights and the stars that never fail.

THE GERMAN BUILDING AND THE BEACH IN JACKSON PARK

THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM FROM THE SOUTH



LA RABIDA IN JACKSON PARK

LA RABIDA

(Jackson Park)

ALONG the Palos shore where rose the head
Of rocky Rabida against the sky,
Columbus, with his little son, passed by
To beg at convent door for rest and bread.
His eager feet from court to court had sped,
From churchly scorn and learning's blinded eye,
To find at last a hope that would not die,
Within the sacred walls where life was fed.
And here in that wide land he greatly found,
Above the murmur of the inland sea,
La Rabida still stands on gracious ground,
Outreaching arms of pity to the plea
Of childhood ill and mother love profound,
And breathing hope in all her breezes free.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

LINCOLN PARK

THE GRANT MONUMENT

LOUIS REBISSO, SCULPTOR

A VIEW IN WASHINGTON PARK

THE HOME EXPRESS

Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

WHEN the city's rush is over, and the monthly
ticket shown,
And the platform's crowd has scattered like
the leaves in autumn blown,
Then the engine feels the throttle, as the racer feels the
whip,
And sends its drivers whirling for its little homeward trip.

Oh, the home train, and its quiver, and its shoot along
the lake,
And its gladness that the day is nearly done;
And the tumbling of the wave crests as they flash and
swiftly break
In the last, low level shining of the sun!

The clean-cut man of business eyes his fresh-bought
paper close,
Culling out the world's wide doings from the padded
news verbose;
And the bargain hunter, sated, sits ensconced amid her
gains,
Complacent o'er the patent fact of her superior brains.

THE SPANISH CARAVELS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, AGRICULTURAL BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

The trainman punches tickets with his swift and easy air,
Like the man that knows his business of getting every fare;
And he calls the Hyde Park station in the strong familiar ring
As he inward thrusts his body through the car door's sudden swing.

Meanwhile the conversation of the women from the clubs
Increases with the train speed and the whirling of the hubs;
And the latest sociology or Kipling's virile verse,
Or city art and garbage their gossip intersperse.

And the judge of human nature, as he notes their faces fair,
Knows these are they whose strenuous wills can strongly do and dare;
And his inner eye sees visions of immortal Art's wide sway
And clear-eyed Science gazing on a fairer, sweeter day.

So the city's strong-faced thousands spin adown the steel-set bed,
With the two red signals rearward and the yellow on ahead;

SURF OFF JACKSON PARK

Till the engine feels the throttle 'neath the station's
glittering light,
And gladdens waiting home-hearts at the gathering of
the night.

O the home train, and its quiver, and its shoot along
the lake,
And its gladness that the day is fairly done;
And the tumbling of the wave crests as they flash and
swiftly break
In the twilight and the moonlight just begun!

THE GERMAN BUILDING JACKSON PARK, IN WINTER

JACKSON PARK FREDERICK MAC MONNIES

THE MAC MONNIES' FOUNTAIN, IN THE COURT OF HONOR, WORLD'S FAIR

A CORNER OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, JACKSON PARK

APRIL FROM A CORNER OF THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

(Decorated with figures from the Parthenon)

THROUGH the willows' foremost freshness
The white-winged clouds go sailing
In their depth of blue unfailing,
And I marvel at the beauty new begun;
I hear the soft waves lapping,
I see the leaves unwrapping,—
And the centaurs fight above me in the sun.

The world is new-created,
By a touch that I am feeling,
And a love that is revealing
A wonder and a beauty never done;
The grass is greening ever,
The birds are ceasing never,—
While the centaurs fight above me in the sun.

A WORLD'S FAIR LION

LAKE SHORE SENTINELS AT FIFTY-THIRD STREET

THE AUDITORIUM, MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

PROPHET OF STORM

(The Auditorium Tower)

HIGH-LIFTED over Traffic's noisy feet,
Above humanity's thick-rushing stream
That sweeps along despair and fragile dream,
Unmoved thou standest where the storm blows beat.
Whether besieged by arrows of the heat
Shot by that burning archer, swift, supreme,
Or smitten by the Ice-Wind's fierce extreme,
Thou keepst thy lonely watch above the street.
Prophet of storm amid the city's smoke,
Wielder of winds amid the whirling mist,
And teller of the thunder's crashing stroke—
Unseeing men thou teachest to resist
Mad Nature's sudden rage, and bidst invoke
Calm Science as her fit antagonist.

THE LAKE SHORE AT THE FOOT OF FIFTY-THIRD STREET

A VISTA IN WASHINGTON PARK

A LAKE MICHIGAN BARGE

A MIDNIGHT LAKE WHISTLE

I DREAMED I sailed through rocking seas remote,
And felt the engine's vibrant heart below;
The salt breeze blew across the bounding boat;
The smitten crests went flying to and fro.

Amid the vastness of the night I woke,
And heard a whistle, far and sweet and deep,—
Of smitten waves and engine throbs it spoke;
I dreamed again and sailed through seas of sleep.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING

MAIN STAIRCASE, WASHINGTON STREET ENTRANCE, PUBLIC LIBRARY

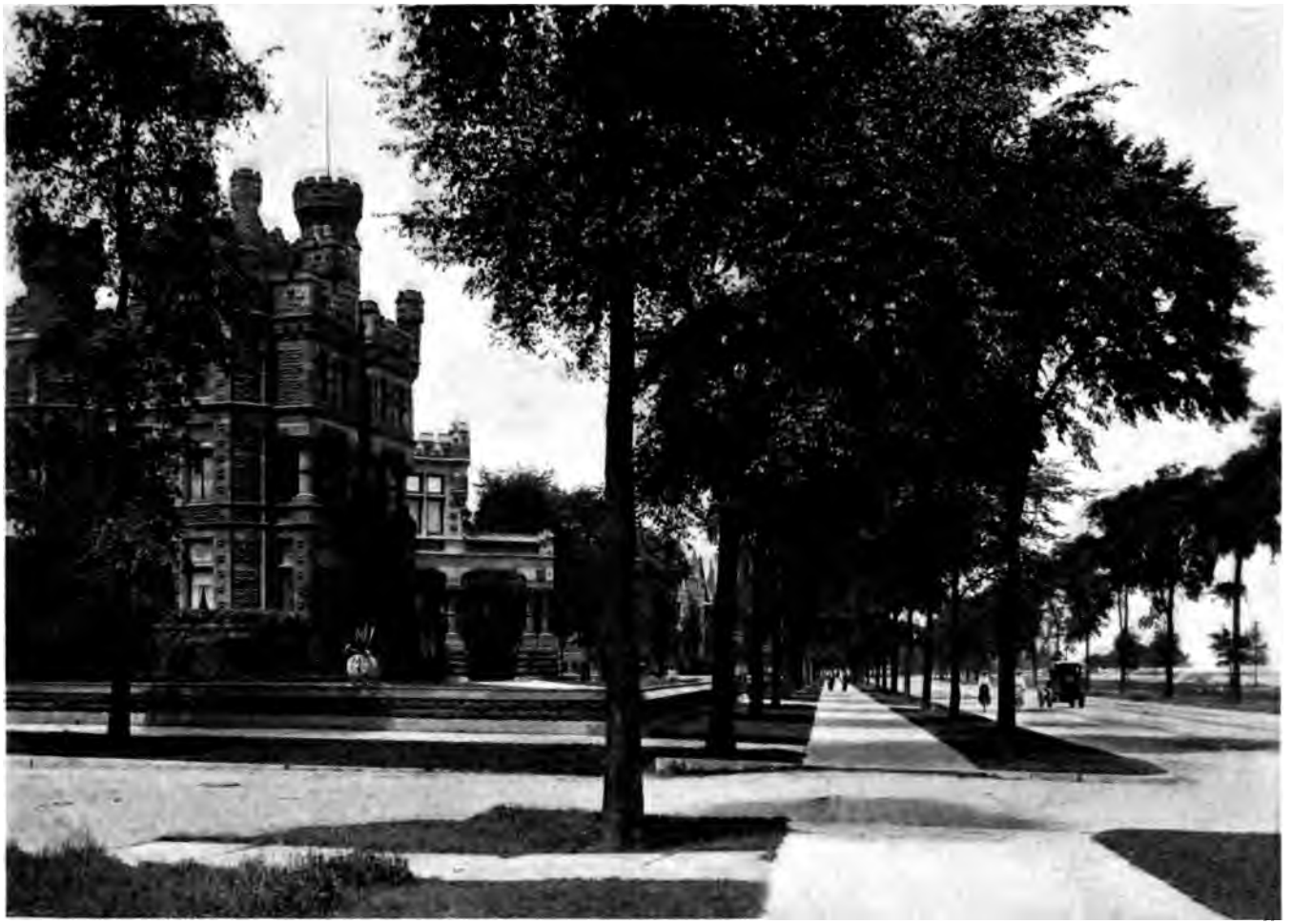
HULL HOUSE, HALSTED STREET

THE GENIUS OF HULL HOUSE

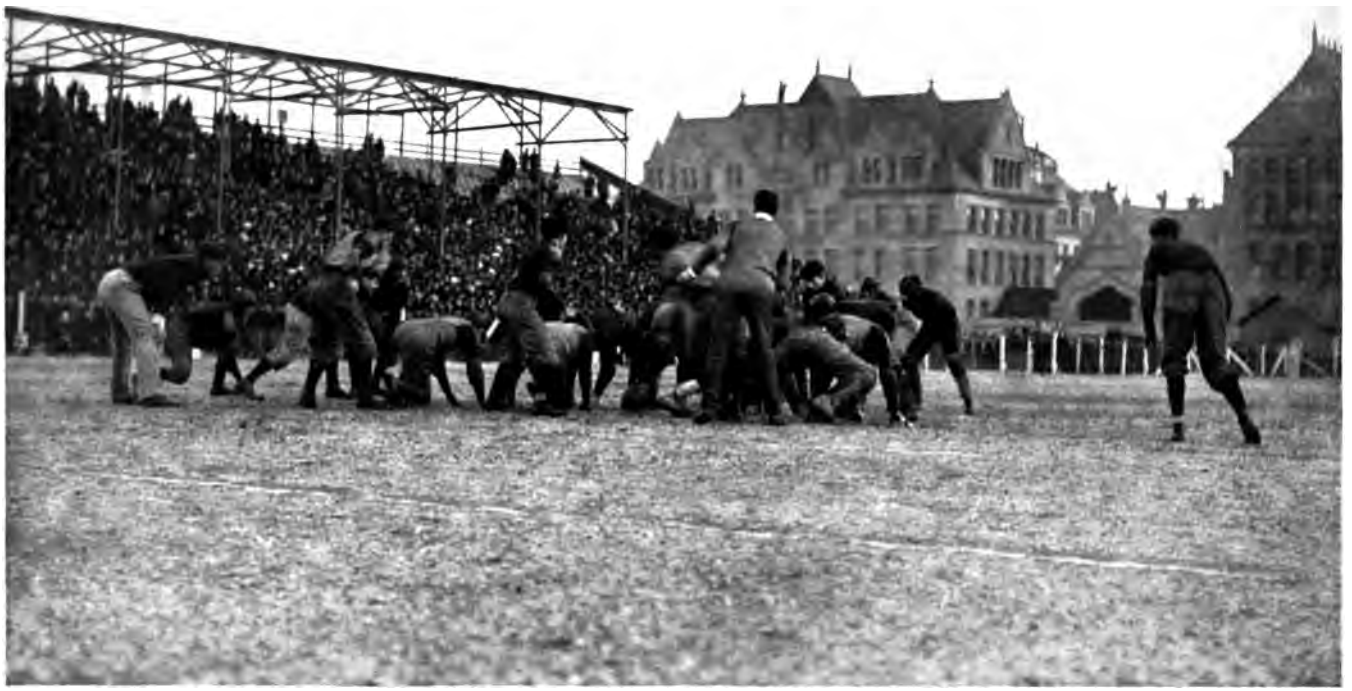
(Halsted Street)

GIRT round with misery careless of the light,—
A motley mass still needing to be one
In civic hope and happier life begun,—
Her guiding spirit draws from out the night.
She knows the worth of comfort and delight
To win the soul to sit beneath the sun
And strive for things that only should be won,—
Forever leading with a clearer sight.
For always to her aid she calls sweet art
That loves the temple of the human soul,
To free the mind and bless the wearied heart;
And by a human hand-touch her control
Becomes of e'en the humblest life a part,
And helps through one the purpose of the whole.

A LINCOLN PARK LAGOON



THE LAKE-SHORE DRIVE, MRS POTTER PALMER'S RESIDENCE ON THE LEFT



A THANKSGIVING GAME ON MARSHALL FIELD, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE BALLAD OF THE PIGSKIN

(To A. A. Stagg)

WHEN the crowd has cheered the hostile teams
and the band has played its best,
And roaring rooters warmed the lungs within
the coldest breast;
When hat and cane and flag and feet have marked
each rolling shout,
And the coin has told its little tale and the whistle
sounded out:
Then the untried, slippery pigskin lies at rest upon the
ground,
And silence wraps the people with expectancy profound.

Oh, the kick-off and the tackle and the sudden-footed punt,
punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;
And the plunging and the lunging in the swaying battle's
brunt,
And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!

Now the ball comes floating downward toward the full-
back's opening arms,
And he hugs it for a zigzag shoot through a host of
threat'ning harms;

A CRITICAL PLAY BETWEEN CHICAGO AND MICHIGAN ON MARSHALL FIELD

But the clutches of the tackle snap him hard upon the earth,
And the fumbled ball goes bobbing like a thing of mock and mirth;
Till the center rush bends motionless above the resting sphere,
And the fronting lines stand statuesque in hidden hope and fear.

Then the mighty mingled scrimmage works its arms and legs and feet,
Heaping heads and twisted bodies in a chaos most complete;
But five yards is a journey for a head that isn't stone,
And harder than a wooden wall is a wall of human bone:
So the bleachers lift their megaphones to breathe a bracing cheer,
And the rooters' "Hold 'em," "Hold 'em," smites the player's anxious ear.

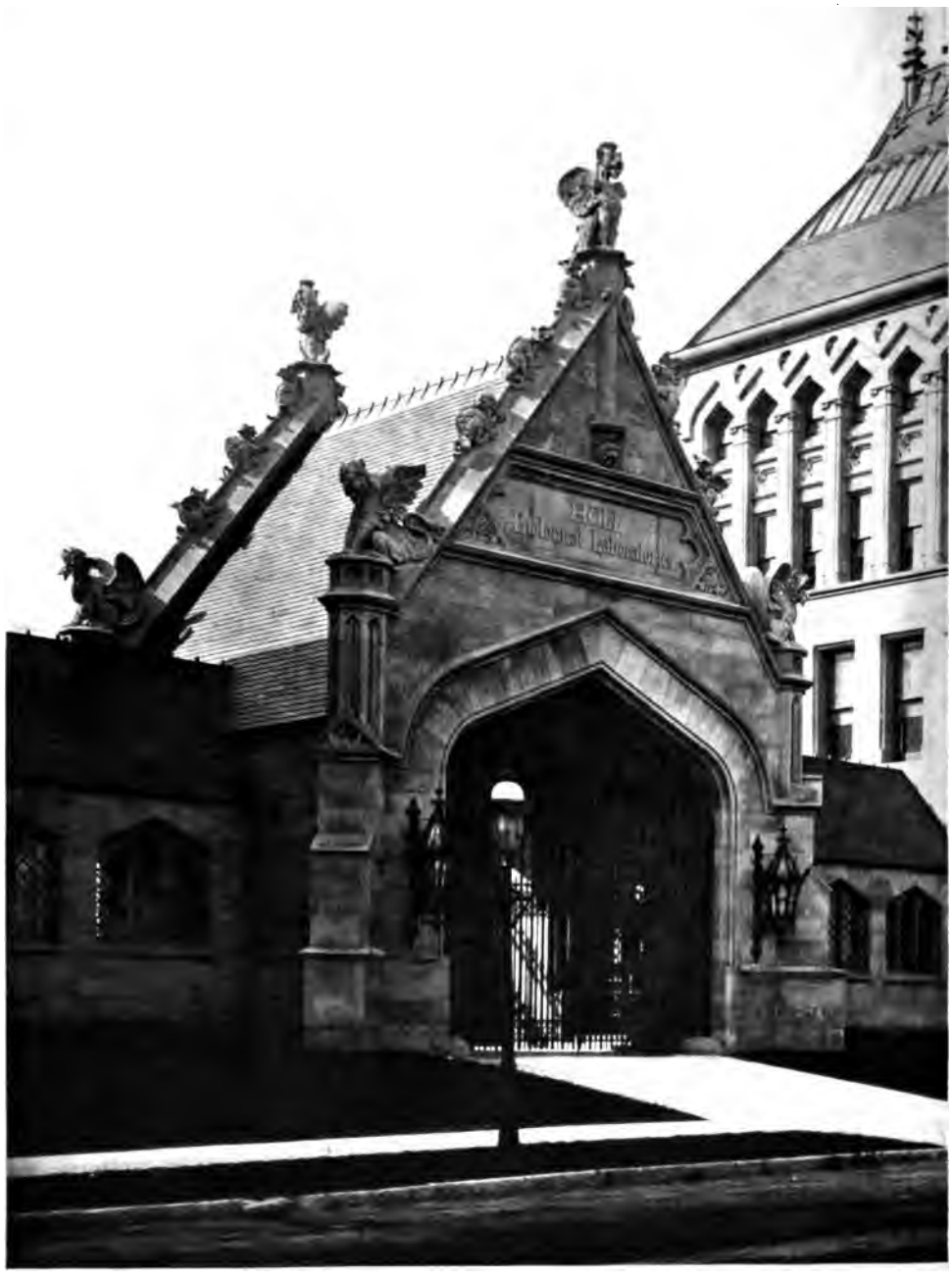
Then out from the mass of strugglers, like a comet from its course,
Shoots a runner on a tangent with a catapultic force;
And the field spreads fair before him as the path to paradise,
And his soul leaps up to win it at the dearest sacrifice:

UNIVERSITY TOWER AND COMMONS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

For he hears the yelling people and a mighty stride
behind,
And he hopes to live forever in the football heart en-
shrined.

But his striding hot pursuer on the five-yard jerks him
down,
And his hope burns low within him as he clutches for
renown;
Yet he twists and squirms and struggles 'mid the trum-
pets' blare and blast,
And the touchdown with his nerveless hands he reaches
at the last;
And his head whirls like a pin-wheel and his eyes,
bewildered, close,
As the chorus of the people lifts his name above his
foes.

Oh, the touchdown and the goal-kick and the sudden-footed
punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;
And the plunging and the lunging in the swaying battle's
brunt,
And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!



THE HULL GATEWAY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE HULL GATEWAY

(University of Chicago)

NO porter's lodge along the Oxford High,
On proctor-shadowed student from his rouse,
So grimly frowned as thou; nor blackened boughs
On Dante losing, hopeless, earth and sky.
Thy crocket-crawlers scare the helpless eye;
Thine anguished corbels twist their human brows;
Thy dragon kneelers bend to wicked vows;
And high-perched finials threat the passer-by.
And yet through such as thou the race hath passed
To freedom—superstition's dreadful gate
Hath oped upon the courts of truth at last;
Nor all the fears of an imagined fate,
Nor all the goblin crew of error vast
Can shut the mind from learning's fair estate.

THE LAST HURDLE IN AN INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET, RAVENSWOOD

THE CRY OF THE HIGH-HURDLERS

(At a Ravenswood meet three runners were a tie over the last hurdle)

ITH bodies bowed, with breath drawn in,
We're waiting for the sound;
Our hot hearts shake the start to make
And leave the clinging ground.

We're coming, coming, coming, like the old Olympics fleet,
For we've sworn to smash the record in the race;
And we're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the hunters in a chase,
And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing feet.

The pistol cracks; we burst our bounds,
We're working arms and feet;
Our heads go back as on the track
We stretch fresh racers fleet.

The hurdles lift their menace high
Like walls to break our flight;
We mount the air, a hidden stair,
And shoot their easy height.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, EVANSTON, THE ORRINGTON LUNT LIBRARY ON THE LEFT

And now we feel the final pull—
A triple struggle hot;
We catch the cries, we feel the eyes,
And we "hit 'er up" a jot.

We spurt as one, we rise abreast,
Like horses o'er a hedge;
We hear the cry: "A tie, a tie!"
We'll drink to each a pledge.

We're coming, coming, coming, like the old Olympics fleet,
For we've sworn to smash the record in the race;
And we're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the hunters in a chase,
And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing feet.

UNIVERSITY HALL, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON

SHERIDAN DRIVE, EVANSTON, THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS ON THE RIGHT

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN IN A FINAL GAME ON MARSHALL FIELD, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

UPON THE DIAMOND

(Marshall Field, University of Chicago)

THE sunlight pours a golden flood across the grassy field,
As up against a cloudless sky the grand-stand throws its shield;
The umpire tosses out the ball, the batter takes his stand;
The catcher walks a long ways back, the pitcher twirls his hand,
And the new white sphere goes twisting like a bullet from a gun,
And the drifting crowds behind the ropes settle down to see the fun.

Three times the batter hits the air in lieu of the whirling ball,
And takes his seat with a heavy look at the umpire's final call;
The second pounds a liner straight, that beats him to the base;
The third sends up a flier that seems made for climbing space—

THE RYERSON PHYSICAL LABORATORY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Yet the center softly takes it in without the least distress,
And the hopeful "ins" have a whitewashed stone on the road to hard success.

Then the "outs" use all their brain power to find the little curve,
And they learn that this is a little thing that can't be found by nerve;
For the sullen ball and the angry bat don't seem inclined to meet,
And never an eager batter has a chance to use his feet.
So the sides keep swinging back and forth, with now and then a hit,
But without a single fought-for score to either's benefit.

Then the ninth—it opens hotly with a triple-bagger crack,
And the runner makes the bases like a racer round the track;
Till the catcher's fumble brings him in amid the roaring cheers,
And the hopes of half the people change to soul-depressing fears;
For the aliens have a tally safe and the home team have an o,—
And only half an inning's left to beat the foreign foe!

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, JACKSON PARK

Now two are out; the third leads off with a dainty
little "bunt,"
And the hardest hitter plants his feet to meet the
battle's brunt.
Lo, through the sky and over the fence the ball goes
climbing fast,
While the pair of runners touch the plate amid the
blare and blast;
And the people, standing, lift his praise on the wave
of a mighty cheer,
As the jubilant team on their shoulders bear the winner
of the year!

PANORAMIC VIEW

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB ILLINOIS CENTRAL STATION AUDITORIUM

PANORAMIC VIEW

FROM THE HIGH BRIDGE, LINCOLN PARK

MONTGOMERY WARD TOWER MASONIC TEMPLE

OF THE LAKE FRONT

THE MASONIC TEMPLE AND CENTRAL MUSIC HALL

WINTER'S WINDIEST CORNER

(The Masonic Temple.

HE East wind fights the West wind,
And the North wind fights them both,
And the triple scrimmage thickens through the day;
And a thousand twisting currents in a fierceness nothing loth
Cheer the airy strugglers onward to the fray.

And the guileless walker westward,
Stepping strong along the stones,
Buttons taut his heavy coat across his chest;
But he knows not what will rend him through the marrow of his bones,
When the fighters on the corner grip his breast.

Now his new hat hits the gutter
As it bobs beyond his view,
And his desperate feet fly up against the air;
And his arms go fiercely clutching for the maddened, whirling crew
That are snatching at his coat and hatless hair.

THE CITY HALL AND COURT-HOUSE

Then, beware the high-topped corner,
Where the winds fight night and day,
And the downward currents cheer the fight along;
For your hat and feet and body are a simple little prey
When the North and East and West are gripping
strong.

THE FERRIS WHEEL, FROM LINCOLN PARK

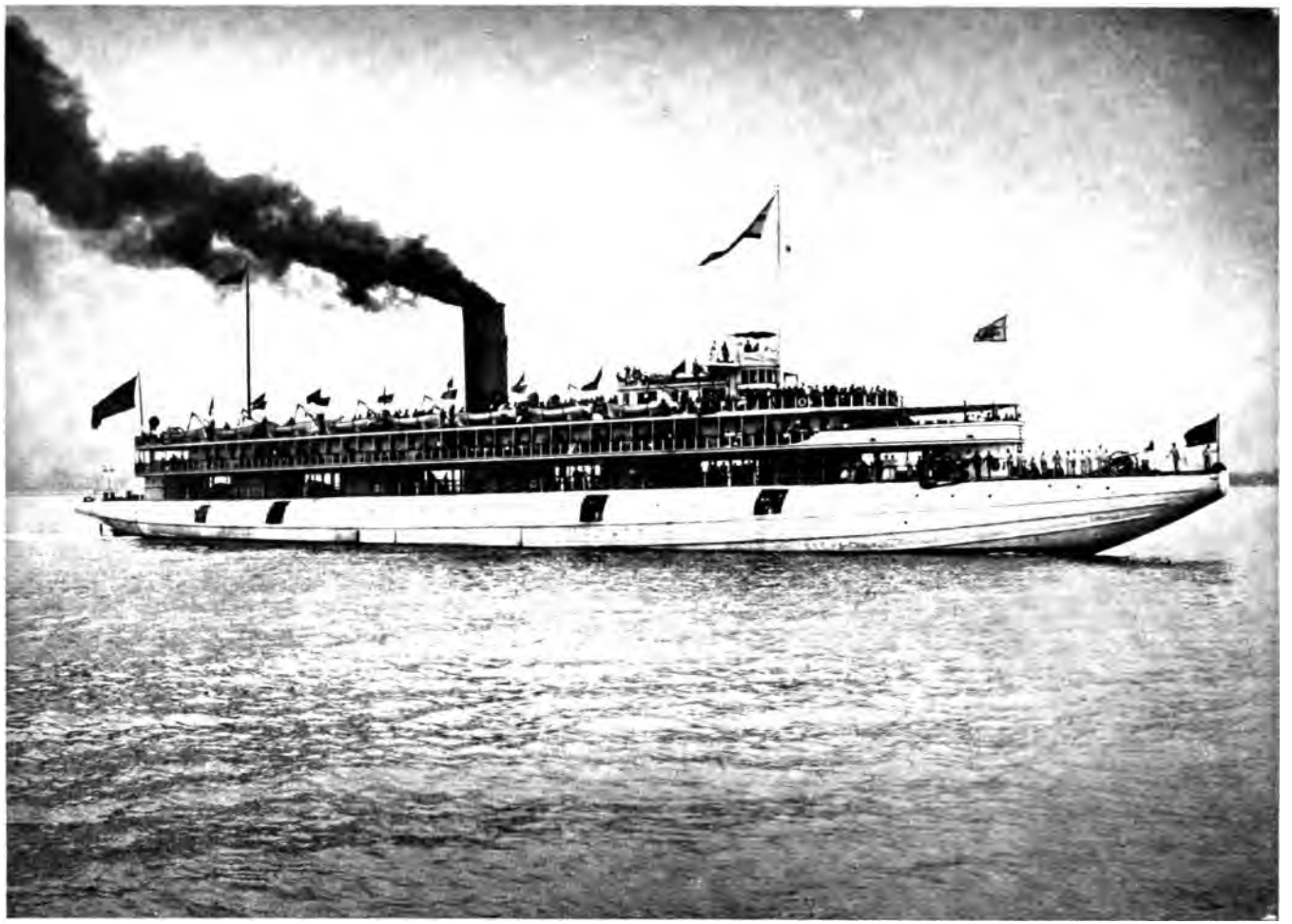
THE WHEEL OF LIGHT

(The Ferris Wheel as seen from the "Whaleback" at night)

OUT of the gloom and thick darkness,
Down from the North swiftly bound,
Plowing the depths of black water
That covers the graves of the drowned—
Homeward we're moving with music,
Homeward, the happy of earth—
When suddenly breaks on our vision
A circle of glorious birth.

Slowly it rolls through the blackness,
Luminous, glittering, round—
A circle of sky-born splendor
Untouched by the groveling ground;
Steady it glows like a cluster
Of planets bound in a chain—
A new-found constellation
For men upon the main.

The north-shore lights stand sentinel,
Like a bivouac picket line;
And the lifted Temple's starry crown
Shines high as the city's sign;



THE "WHALEBACK" OUTWARD BOUND

But greater, fairer, fuller,
    On the background of the night,
Like an emblem of perfection
    Shines the rolling wheel of light.

And the sailor sings to his heart,
    As he nears the harbor flash,
The song of his love and the lights
    And the song of the rhythmic plash;
And ever his eyes look out
    For the circle in the night,
And his eager heart is nightly lit
    With the rolling wheel of light—

A sailor's song for Michigan
    A rolling full and strong;
A sailor's song for the heart at home
    That draws my ship along;
A sad sea-song for the boys below
    Who sleep on the rifted sand,
And a round, full song, and a ho! ho! ho!
    For the lights upon the land.

DOME OF THE CHICAGO POST-OFFICE NEAR COMPLETION

THE CHICAGO POST-OFFICE

UNIVERSITY TOWER AND COMMONS ON THE RIGHT THE CLUB HOUSE AND MANDEL HALL ON THE LEFT, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A SONG OF THE MIDWAY TARS

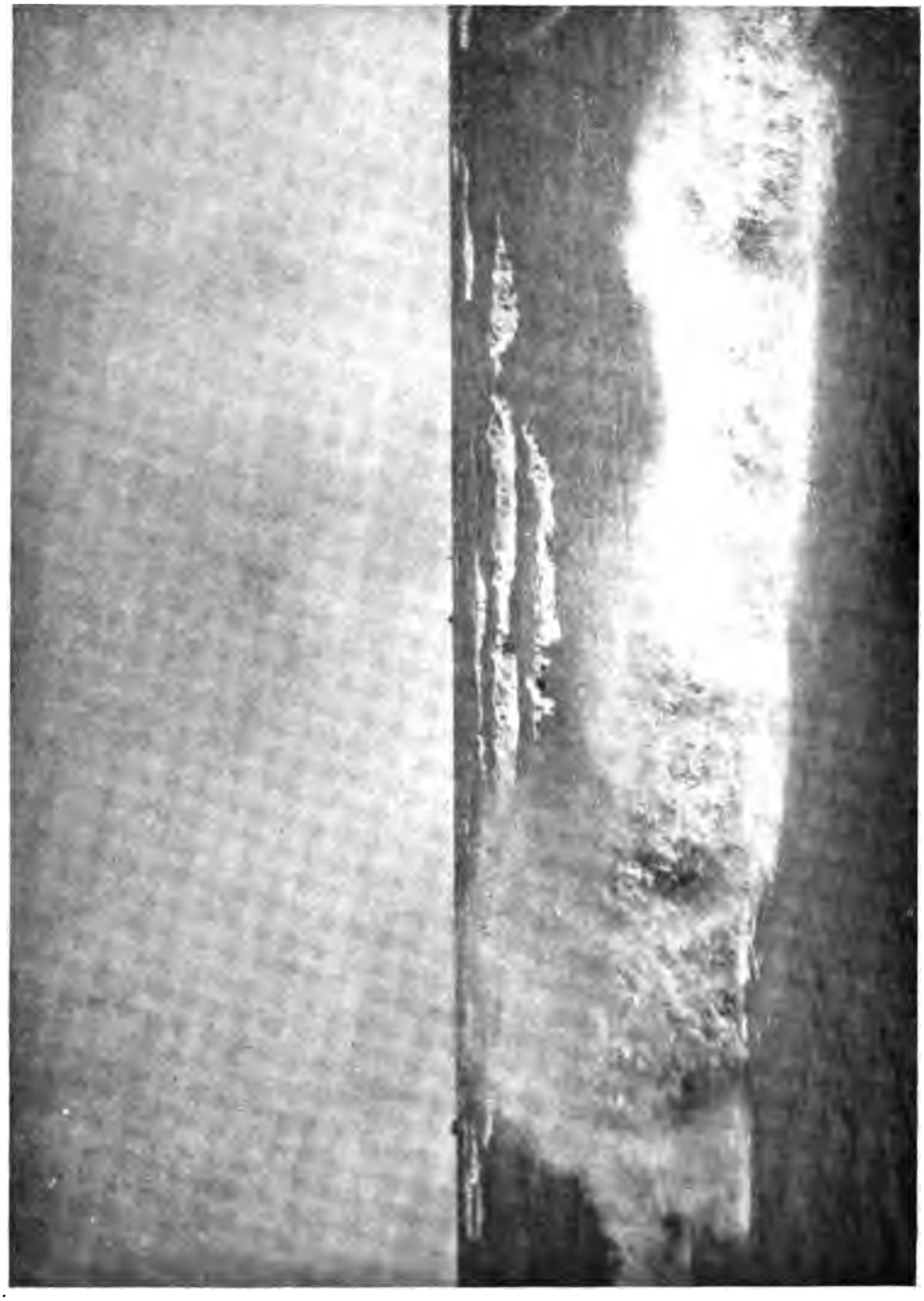
(Music: The Midshipmite)

'TWAS in ninety-two, in an autumn light,
Go it, Chica*go,* yo ho!
When Doctor Harper hove in sight,
And shoved out his anchor with keen delight,
Go it, Chica*go,* yo ho!
He had a small but gallant crew;
They'd manned the ropes when the winds blew, blew;
And they were a brave and a favored few.
Go it, Chica*go,* yo ho!

CHORUS:

Here's a deep-sea song, and a true, true song;
Gaily, lads, now let her go!
For we drink to-night
To the Captain's might,
*Singing, "Go it, Chica*GO, *yo ho!"*

The ship's grown bigger, and so has her crew;
Go it, Chica*go,* yo ho!
For she has a world of work to do,—
To cruise round the earth for me and you.
Go it, Chica*go,* yo ho!



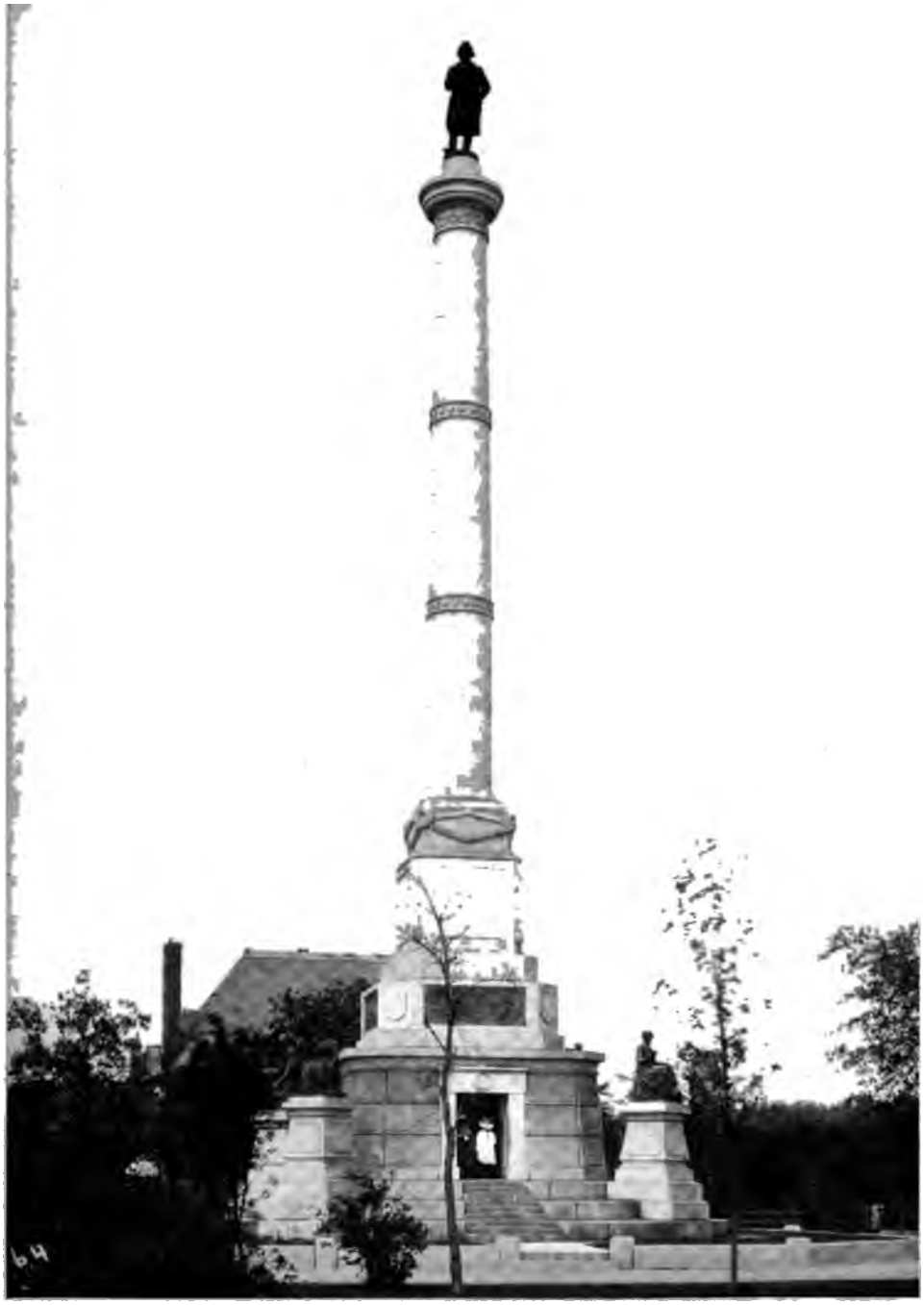
A MISTY SURF ON LAKE MICHIGAN

The Captain has a right good eye;
He steers by the stars in the changeless sky;
And he flies the maroon away up high.
Go it, Chica*go*, yo ho!

From young Chicago she sets sail;
Go it, Chica*go*, yo ho!
She feels old Michigan's favoring gale,
And she greets the future,—"Hail, all hail!"
Go it, Chica*go*, yo ho!
The 'Varsity ship sails every sea;
She touches at the port of each countree;
And she's bound for truth and eternity.
Go it, Chica*go*, yo ho!

CHORUS:

Here's a deep-sea song, and a true, true song;
Gaily, lads, now let her go!
For we drink to-night
To the Captain's might,
*Singing, "Go it, Chica*GO*, yo ho!"*



DOUGLAS MONUMENT SQUARE — LEONARD VOLK, SCULPTOR

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT

BIRCHES IN DREXEL BOULEVARD

THE MIDWAY IN WINTER, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO BUILDINGS ON THE RIGHT

A MIDWAY DASH

(After "J. B. D.")

Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two -too dee-vil-ish fast!"

ROBE-WRAPPED and capped, with faces bold
Against the sharp, aggressive cold,
We struck the ice-paved Midway floor
Breeze-swept from off the windy shore.

Away the course spread smooth and free
Where westward rose frost spire and tree;
And gray walls lifted on our right
To mark the swiftness of our flight.

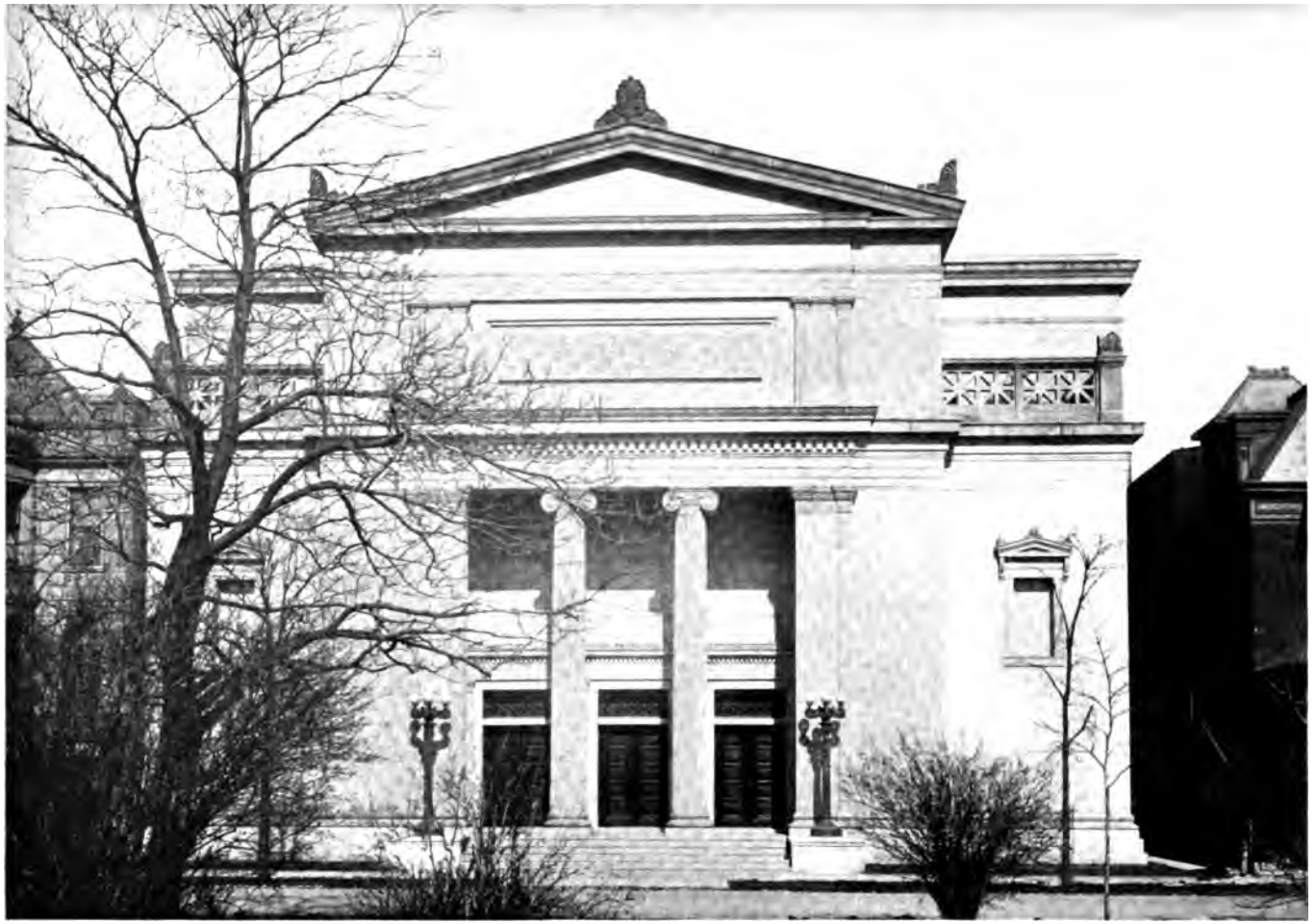
The lines grew taut, the breeching drew,
As "J. D.'s" legs did all they knew;
His splendid head was flung in air,
His moving tail said: "Come, who dare!"

His stride stretched long and sure and true,
As straight behind his hoof-beats flew;
His nostrils breathed defiant breath
As if he feared nor Time nor Death.

A WINTER STREAM IN WASHINGTON PARK

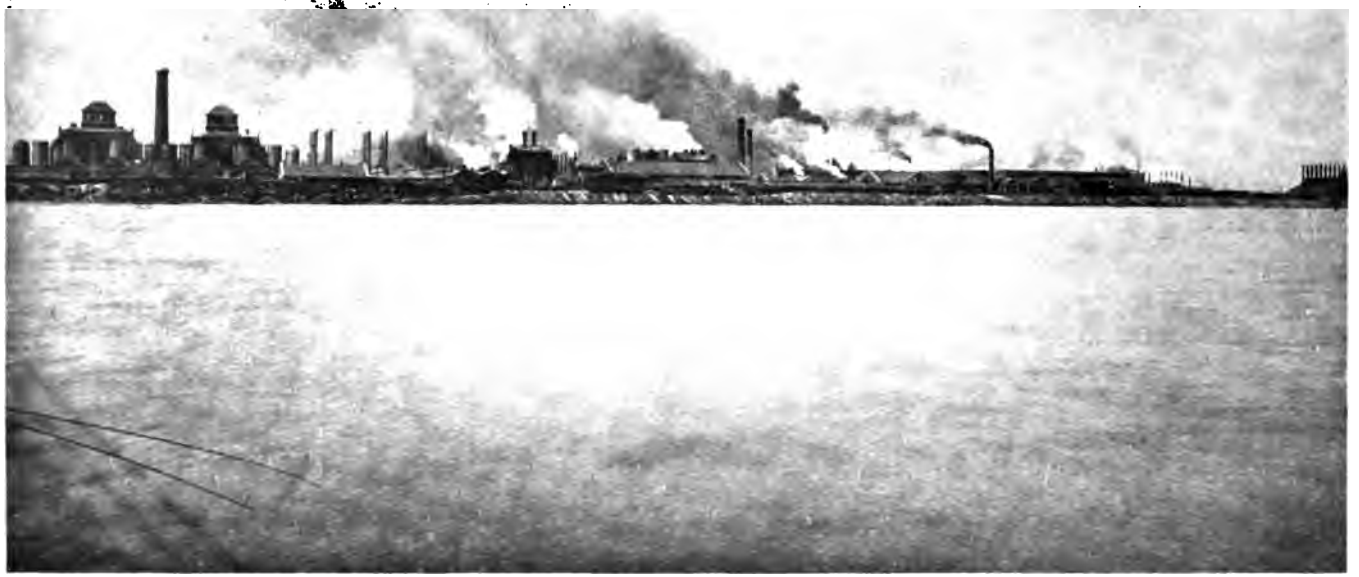
Our cheeks burned red, our ears froze white,
Our eyes were swimming with the sight;
But still our hearts exulted high,
Like storm birds shooting through the sky.

For his body swung in a steady flight
Like a master spirit fleet;
And his breath was the breath of fiery might,
And the wind was in his feet.



THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DREXEL BOULEVARD

LIBRARY BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



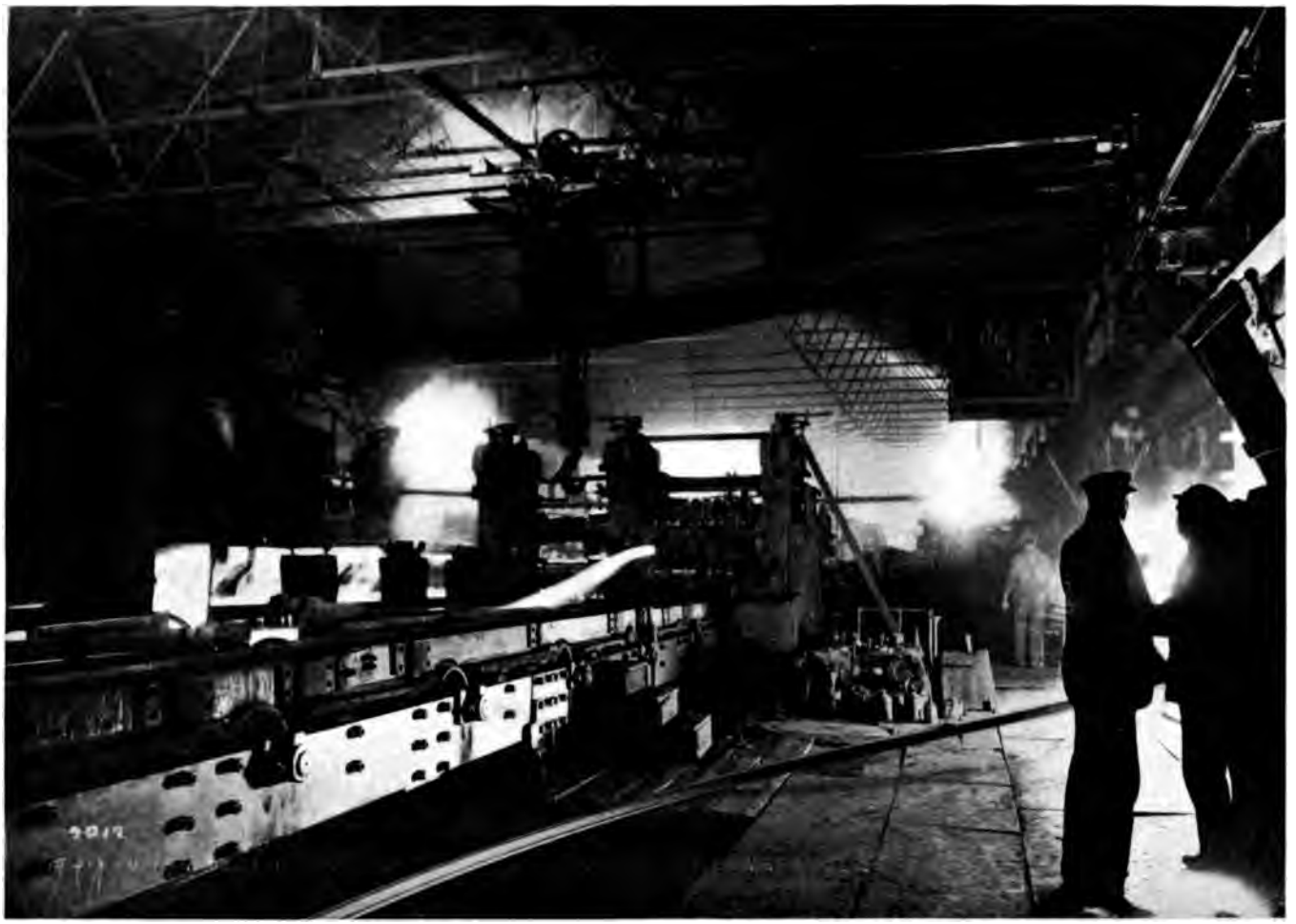
THE ILLINOIS STEEL WORKS, SOUTH CHICAGO

ASPIRATION

(South Chicago Rolling Mills at Night)

UT flaming like a giant's torch at night,—
Illuming sky and cloud with mounting fire,—
Shoot red and swift and sudden, high and higher,
The furnace flashings of a molten might.
Beneath in shadowy spaces, barred from sight,
The sweaty shapes of Labor toil for hire,
Intent to get what clamorous mouths require,—
Grim strugglers in life's fierce and endless fight.
But upward from their souls springs radiant hope
To win the sky of promise and of peace,
Though now below their lives in blackness grope;
And like the furnace flash that speaks release,
Their spirits leap into a clearer scope
Where stars forever shine on toil's surcease.

UNLOADING ORE FROM A WHALEBACK AT SOUTH CHICAGO



THE RAIL MILL, SOUTH CHICAGO STEEL WORKS

CHARLES J. MULLIGAN, SCULPTOR

THE DIGGER

A SONG OF LABOR

(To Chicago Workers)

A SONG for the builders of beauty,
The rearers of temple and spire;
A song to the strong men of duty
Who shape the world's future in fire.

Sing, sing to the women, the mothers,
The weavers of life and of fate;
The sisters who toil for the brothers,
And open to hope the white gate.

A song to the brain that devises,
And bends nature's will into law;
A song to the brain that suffices
Its purpose from many to draw.

Sing, sing to the thinkers and hewers,—
To brothers of brain and of brawn;
A song to the world's mighty doers
Who work for a hastening dawn.

TRAVELING CRANE AT WORK ON THE DRAINAGE CANAL

WALL OF THE DRAINAGE CANAL BEFORE WATER WAS ADMITTED

SUNSET OVER LINCOLN PARK

SWANS IN DOUGLAS PARK

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN LINCOLN PARK

A SONG OF BROTHERHOOD

(To Men of Chicago)

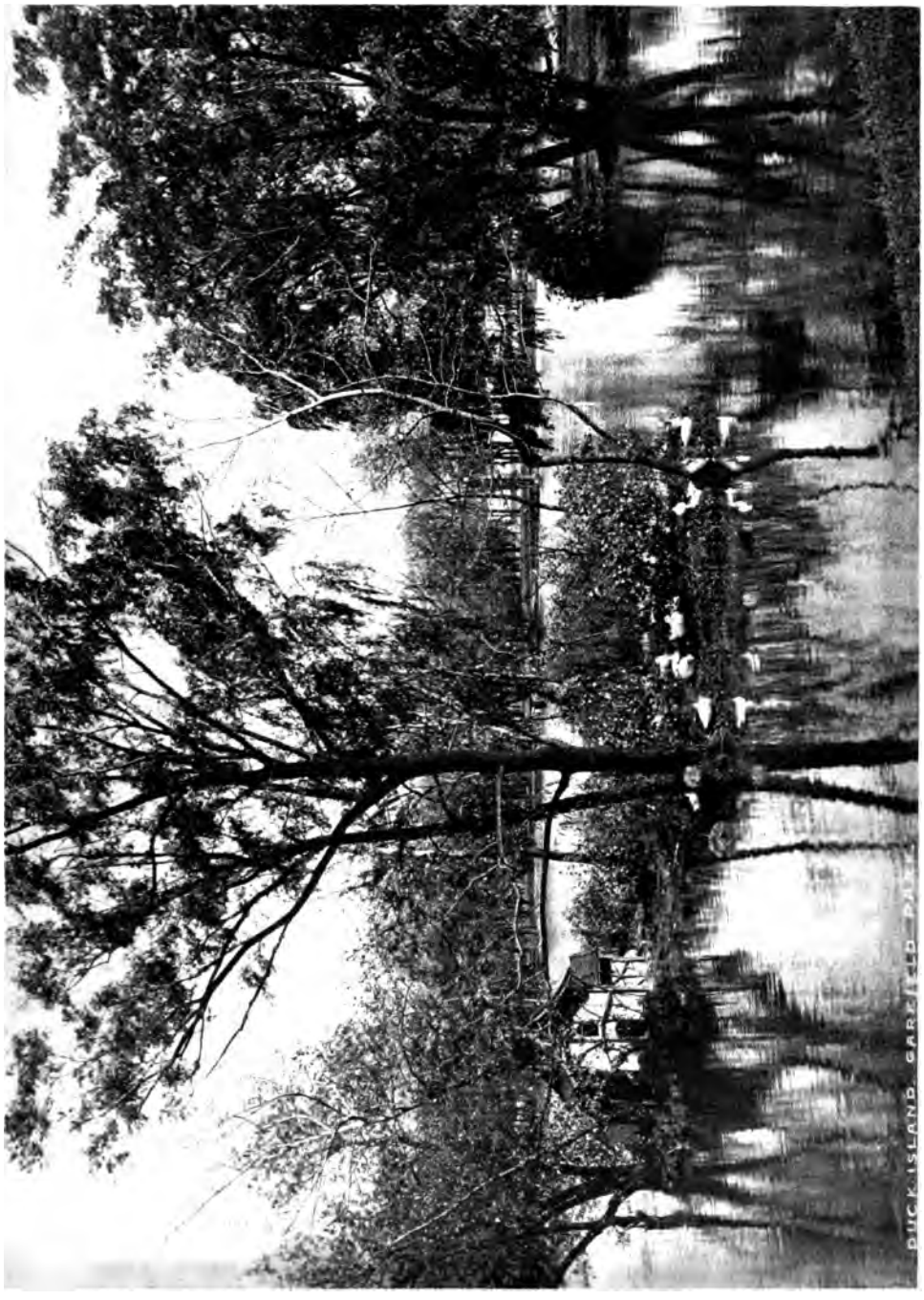
WE'RE born of one great mother,
And we drink one common air,
And brother joined with brother
Sings away all carking care.

CHORUS:

For the stars once sang together a sweet fraternal song,
And the rivers, rushing seaward, their harmonies prolong;
A thousand leaves are murmurous in the music of one tree,
And mother-nature lulls to sleep one great humanity.

We toil and moil together,
And we think on anxious years;
In storm and stress of weather
Let us sing away our fears.

Brothers in what's before us,
Brothers in birth and death;
One loving sky bends o'er us,
Let us sing with joyous breath.



SWAN HOUSE IN GARFIELD PARK

CHORUS:

For the stars once sang together a sweet fraternal song,
And the rivers, rushing seaward, their harmonies prolong;
A thousand leaves are murmurous in the music of one tree,
And mother-nature lulls to sleep one great humanity.

A DRIFTING BOAT ON SALT CREEK

SHADOWS IN SALT CREEK

JACKSON PARK

THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM AT TWILIGHT

THE FIELD MUSEUM AT NIGHT

(Jackson Park)

ENMARBLED by the moon's pale magic light,
That pours her whitening rays on roof and wall,
And by her touch celestial changes all,
It stands, a Doric temple in the night.
Here rest those giant arms in folded might;
The couchant lions that no fears appall;
The caryatids in their beauty tall;
And strong-limbed centaurs eager for the fight.
Athena's lifted temple, to the eyes
Of gazing citizens, no fairer gleamed
Beneath the sun of those transparent skies
Than here amid the land by Greeks undreamed,
Where hurrying millions rush in mad emprise,
These shadowy columns in the moonlight rise.

LINCOLN PARK

THE RYERSON INDIAN MONUMENT

JOHN J. BOYLE, SCULPTOR

LINCOLN PARK

A SIGNAL OF PEACE

CYRUS DALLIN, SCULPTOR

MONTGOMERY WARD TOWER — J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR

PROGRESS LIGHTING THE PATHWAY OF COMMERCE

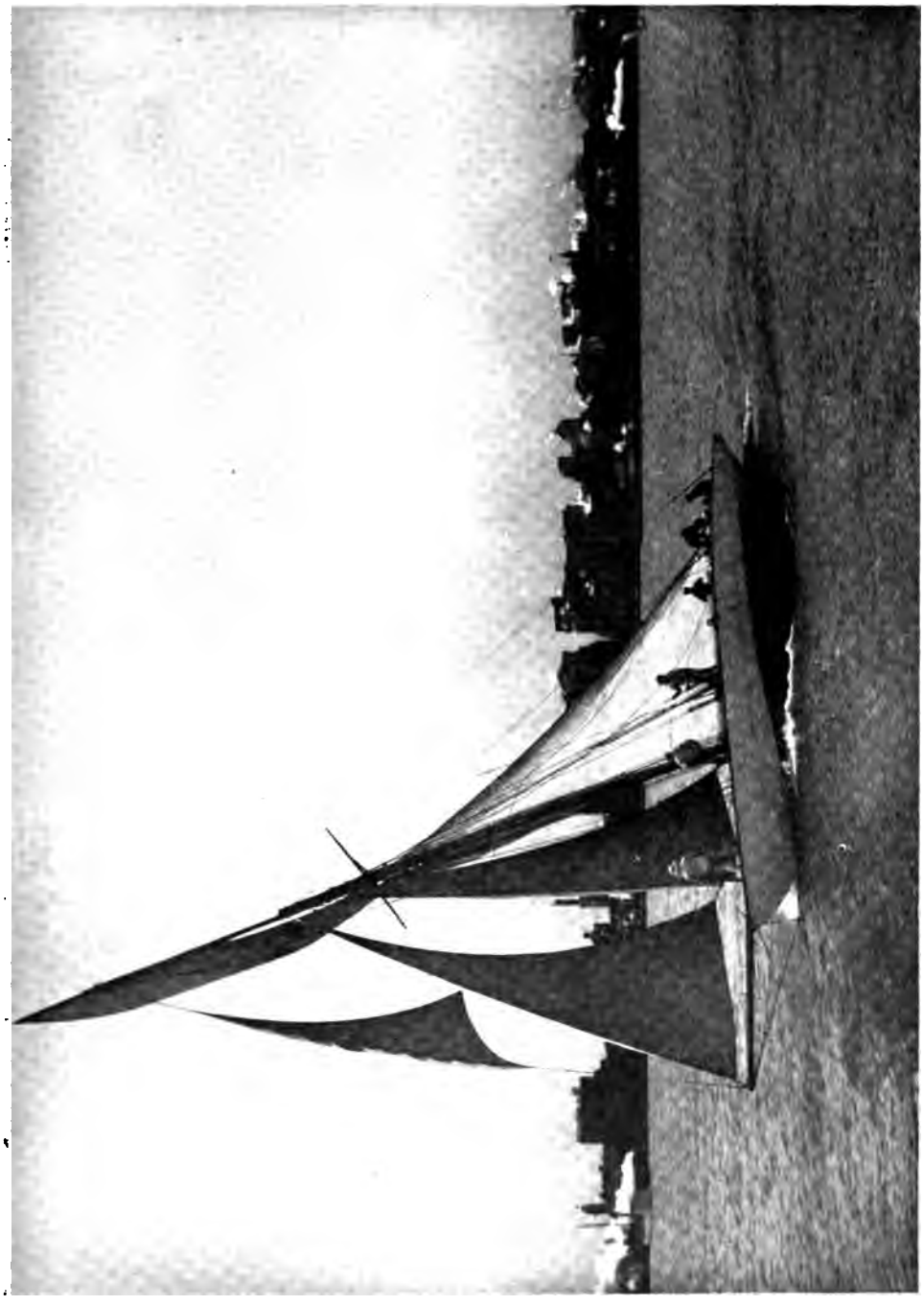
PROGRESS LIGHTING THE PATHWAY OF COMMERCE

(Allegorical Figure on the Montgomery Ward Tower)

ON the wings of the light or the darkness,
Borne beautifully there aloft,
With thy flaming torch upreaching
And thy winged wand waved oft,
Thou leadest the eyes of Commerce
Like a spirit of sun and air,
And seemest afar like a golden star
To the men who know and dare.

Like Mercury touching a hilltop,
Thou poisest upon the world—
Thy serpent wand a magical power,
And thy torch-flame never furled;
Thou lookest outward and upward,
With a clear prophetic gaze,
And weary eyes to thy radiant skies
A myriad workers raise.

For first in the dawn's gray flashing
From out the silvery lake,
Thou lightest thy torch at the day spring
To lead for the people's sake;



A WINNING YACHT OFF THE LAKE FRONT

And last in the sunset's reddening,
Through the ruddy city smoke,
Thou gleamest on high in the mellow sky
Like a being that men invoke.

And through the night's thick darkness,
When the toilers sleep and dream,
And only the sentinel walks his beat
Where rushed the human stream,
Thy glowing figure floats above
In the blackness vast and deep,
And watches alone till the night be o'erthrown
By the sun in his upward sweep.

Then a song to our radiant woman
Who leads through the chartless sky,
With her quenchless torch and her winged wand
And her hopes that never die.
And a song for the mighty city
That works 'neath her guidance high,
With its pulsing heart and its dauntless will
And its soul's aspiring cry.

MARSHALL FIELD'S ON STATE STREET, THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL BUILDING ON THE RIGHT

THE VOICE OF THE CITY STREETS

WE have felt the beat of a million feet in traffic's crush and roar,
When human life seemed small and cheap and greed seemed more and more;
We have caught the clang when the fire-gong rang its terrifying cry,
And the clattering hoofs went galloping on through the light of the flaming sky.

Oh, the feverish beat of the multitude's feet
And the crush of traffic's stride;
And the sudden clang that fiercely rang
To the sway of a midnight ride!

We have felt the tread of men that bled on smoking battlefields,
When lives went out with shell and shot and prayers were their only shields;
We have thrilled at the cry when the mob went by with bomb and flag blood-red,
And scattered their wake with twisted wreck and mutilated dead.

LA SALLE STREET FROM THE BOARD OF TRADE

(Illinois Trust and Savings Bank and the Rookery on the right)

Oh, the stately tread of the men that bled
And their rifles' myriad flash;
And the murderous mob and the cries that throb
When law and the lawless clash!

We have echoed the cheers of the crowding years for
Labor's toil-worn host,
When the men that strive marched strongly on for the
cause they loved the most;
We have flashed with the lights of luminous rights
upheld by a party's power,
When the torches flared and the music swelled for the
leader of the hour.

Oh, the echoing cheers of the marching years
For labor's strenuous day;
And the torches' flare and the music's blare
In the voter's long array!

We have reveled in song with the merriest throng that
sang to the glittering sky,
When the frosty stars and the holiday chimes rang out
in a rich reply;

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD FROM THE AUDITORIUM ANNEX TO THE CHICAGO CLUB

We've shivered in dread for the feet that fled from the
city's swift patrol,
When the pistol's crack and the sentry's club enforced
the law's control.

Oh, the lusty song and the reveling throng
And the ring of the frosty stars;
Oh, the pistol crack and the bloody track
And the man behind the bars!

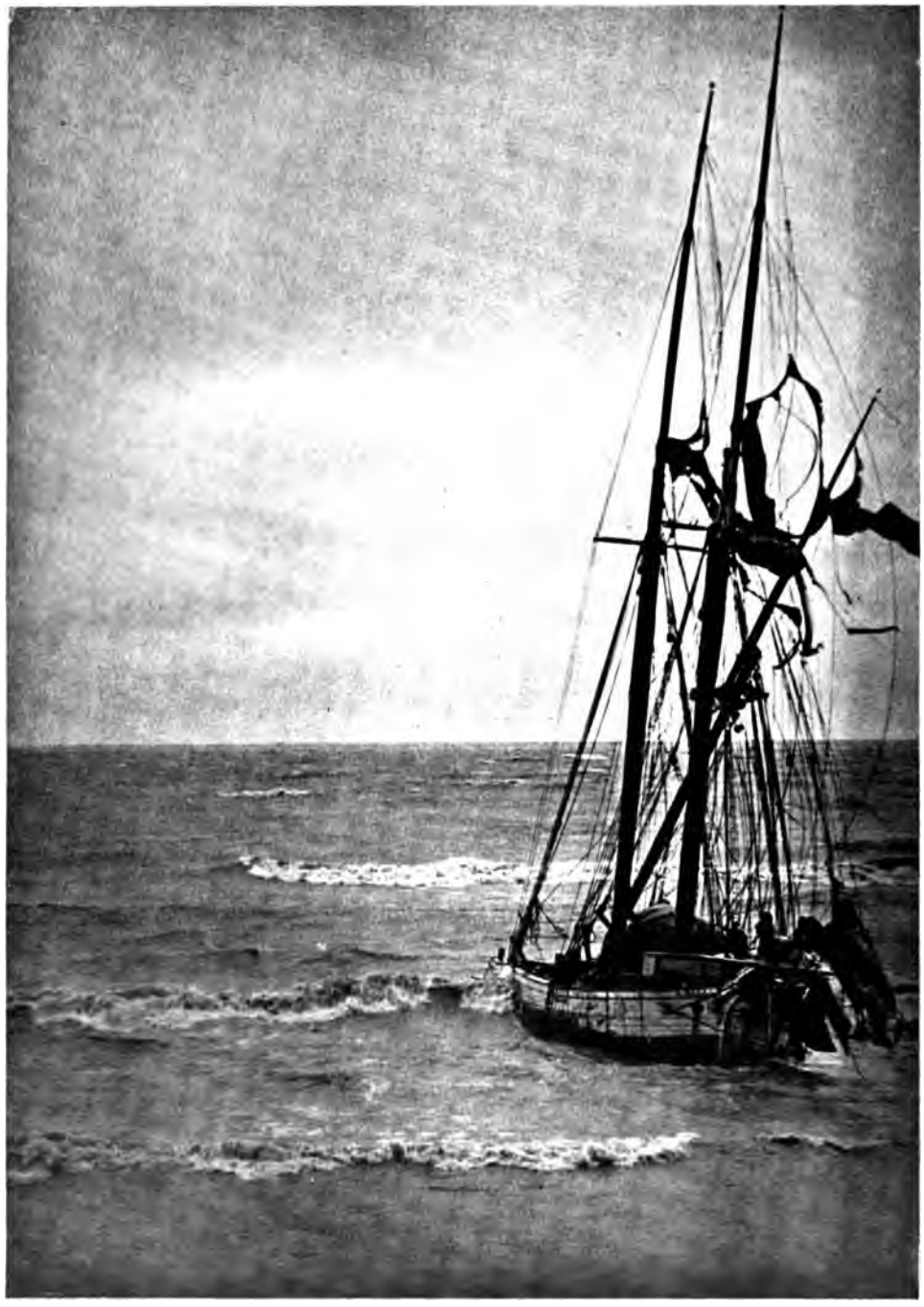
We have smiled at the ride of gilded pride and the love
of a cheap display,
When the chains clank loud and the colors flaunt and
the blatant horns outbray;
We have wept for the fears and the bitter tears in a
little child's low cry
When hunger yearns and sorrow sobs to the freezing
night and sky.

Oh, the horn's loud bray and the cheap display
When vulgar wealth goes by;
Oh, the hungry fears and the pitiful tears
Of childhood's broken cry!

"PEACE," A GROUP BY LORADO TAFT FOR THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL

Yet we've seen with our eyes how love never dies nor
the sweetness nor grace of life,—
A mother's dear face and the uplift of youth and the
smile of a peerless wife:
And we've known the great heart and the splendor of
art and the glee of a Christmas thought,
A beneficent wealth and a chivalric act and a brother-
hood all unbought.

Oh, a mother's face and an act of grace
And the love of human kind;
Oh, the splendor of art and the greatness of heart
And the wealth of a generous mind!



THE WRECK OF THE "GARDNER" OFF THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET

SAILORS OF SEA AND AIR

IRCLING and sailing the sunlit air
On joy's unfailing wing,
Floating and rocking amid the crests
Where the waters whirl and swing,
The lake gulls live in their two-fold world
As free as the freest king.

O sailors of lake and air,
O birds without a care,
I hear your cry as you circle by
In a joy beyond compare;
And life seems free as the changing sea
And the wandering summer air.

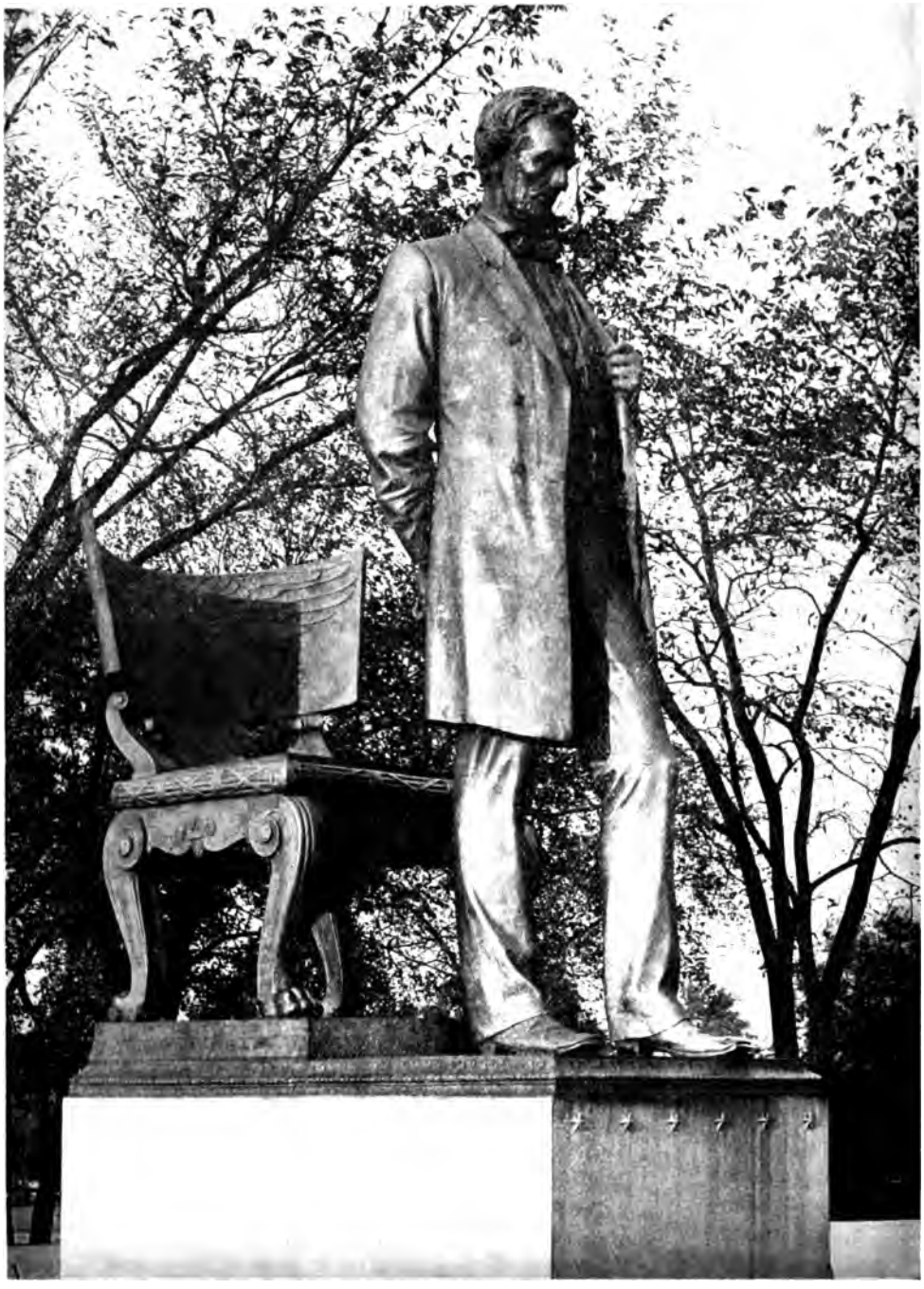
Breasting and beating the hostile wind
Like spirits of strength and grace,
Sailing the billows of storm-lashed foam
When the tempest drives apace,
The lake gulls live in their two-fold world
As free as the winds of space.

AN ISLAND REFLECTION IN JACKSON PARK

O sailors of lake and air,
O birds beyond a care,
I catch your cry as the storm sweeps by—
I know what you can dare;
And life seems brave as you breast the wave
And free as the surging air.

ENTRANCE TO THE ART INSTITUTE, FRENCH'S STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC IN THE CENTER

THE ART INSTITUTE IN WINTER



LINCOLN PARK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, SCULPTOR

THE LIBERATOR

(St. Gaudens' Lincoln)
Lincoln Park

PRISEN from his fascèd chair of state,
Above his riven people bending grave,
His heart upon the sorrow of the slave,
Stands simply strong the kindly man of fate.
By war's deep bitterness and brothers' hate
Untouched he stands, intent alone to save
What God himself and human justice gave,—
The right of men to freedom's fair estate.
In homely strength he towers almost divine,
His mighty shoulders bent with breaking care,
His thought-worn face with sympathies grown fine;
And as men gaze, their hearts as oft declare
That this is he whom all their hearts enshrine,—
This man that saved a race from slow despair.

GRANT PARK

THE LOGAN MONUMENT

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, SCULPTOR

THE LAKE FRONT VOLUNTEER

(The Logan Monument by Augustus St. Gaudens)

Great men become types. The people single them out with the ready common sense which belongs to no man, but to all men. . . . Logan is Our Great Volunteer.—*George R. Peck*

HIGH-LIFTED on his fiercely mettled steed,
Aflame with fight and patriotic fire,
He flings aloft the volunteer's desire—
The flag of men that crave a splendid deed.
He learned the sorrow of a race unfreed;
He saw uncounted sacred lives expire;
He heard the groanings of a slaughter dire;
And conned the horrors of a soldier's creed.
And yet aloft he signals all the free
To guard the weak—redressing human wrong
E'en on the suffering islands of the sea;
And never from that right hand, gripping strong,
Shall fall the flag of hope and victory—
Still leading on to peace and patriot song.

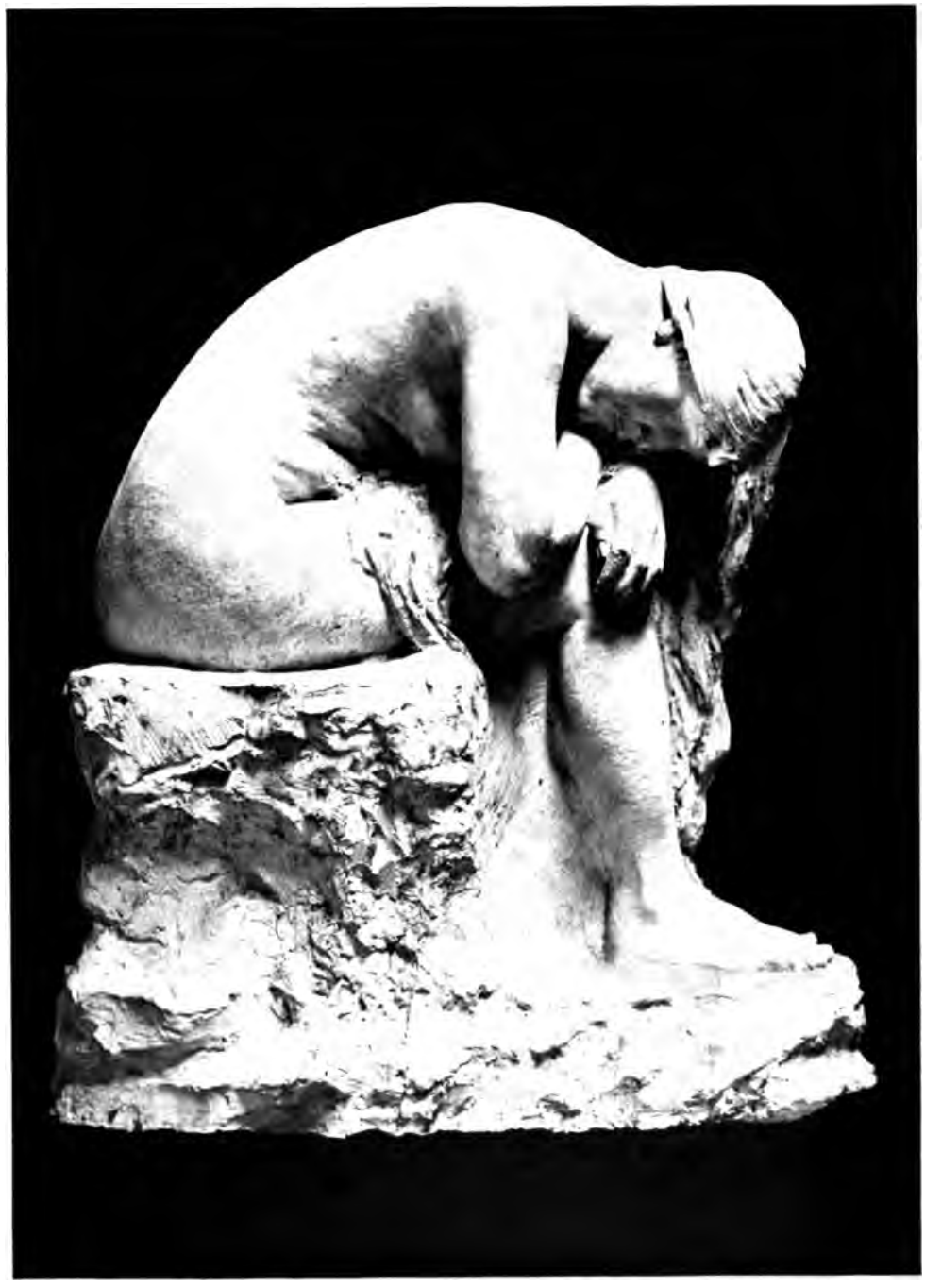
LINCOLN PARK — JOHANNES GELERT, SCULPTOR

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE UGLY DUCKLING

(Hans Christian Andersen, Lincoln Park)
By Johannes Gelert

BESIDE his swan in happiness serene,
His pencil waiting for some fairy thought
That out of his sweet fancy he has caught,
He sits forever 'mid his world of green.
Uncouth and homely as the duckling mean,
Whose early ugliness long sorrow brought,
And yet for swan-like beauty ever sought,—
His plainness is to children's eyes unseen.
For o'er their spirits waves his wondrous wand
That guides them to a realm undreamed before,
Where marvel holds them in its sweetest bond;
And while above his books their faces pore,
And follow with their eyes ashine and fond,
The great world's children love him evermore.



FINE ARTS BUILDING

DESPAIR

LORADO TAFT, SCULPTOR

DESPAIR

(By Lorado Taft)

HOUGH bowed above thine everlasting grief,
Thy loosened locks in sorrow dropping low,
Thy Greek-like beauty touched with secret woe,
We cannot pray for thee a swift relief;
For beauty is at best so rare and brief,—
The gift supreme that only gods bestow,
And snatch from us ere yet we fully know,—
That of our all we count it e'en the chief.
And while with thee we cannot choose but mourn,
And ask that to thy heart the years will bear
Some sweetness that shall make it less forlorn;
We yet would keep thee in thy sorrow fair,
And thank the gods that thou wast ever born
To make us all in love with deep despair.

THE ART INSTITUTE

THE SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL

LORADO TAFT, SCULPTOR

THE SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL

(By Lorado Taft)

The abysmal deeps of personality.—[Tennyson's "Palace of Art"

HAND touching hand and fate bound up in fate,
With sad eyes closed to destiny's changeless face
Or searching wistful into shadowy space,
Heroic stand these forms unfortunate.
High manhood's strength, that might the breaking weight
Of life have borne in happy, strenuous race,
And woman's star-like soul of radiant grace,
Are here by fate's decrees made desolate.
Fast bound by links that only death can break—
In union that their vows have pledged for aye—
They know at last their grim, lifelong mistake;
And still they know that with them every day
Are lives that love them for their own sweet sake
Yet by their love bring desperate dismay.

A CHICAGO PARADE AT THE CORNER OF JACKSON BOULEVARD AND CLARK STREET

THE BLACKSTONE LIBRARY, KENWOOD

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LINCOLN PARK

THE SHAKSPERE MONUMENT

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, SCULPTOR

SHAKSPERE IN CHICAGO

(The Lincoln Park Statue
by William Ordway Partridge)

FROM out the roar of Fleet Street and the Strand,
From narrow Cheapside's thickly flowing stream,
And city smoke and stage's tragic theme,
He went at last to Stratford's quiet land,—
The land of sunny fields, where cattle stand
Knee-deep in winding Avon's rippling gleam,
And elm-tops whisper of a joy supreme
To all the birds that sing at love's command.
And here, beyond the wide, tumultuous roar
Of Traffic's maddening whirl, beneath a sky
That bends in blessing and beside a shore
Still murmurous of the songs that never die,
He sits at peace—enriched with life's deep lore,
And knowing all the world's sad human cry.

JACKSON PARK

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, EDWARD C. POTTER, SCULPTORS

THE COLUMBIAN QUADRIGA, ON THE PERISTYLE, WORLD'S FAIR

THE COLUMBIAN QUADRIGA

(Facing the Court of Honor at the World's Fair)

STATELIEST glory of the Peristyle,
Quadriga of the victor! Bearer bold
Of him whose eye prophetic saw unfold
A world of beauty, brilliant with the smile
Of the Creator. "Bear him yet a while,"
The nations cried departing—New and Old
Uniting in a gratitude untold
To him whose purpose nothing could beguile.
But from the murmurous song of inland sea,
The sculptured whiteness of fair Honor's court,
And the Republic's presence calm and free,
Thou didst upbear him to a starlit port,
Upon a flame-cloud like a seer of eld,—
And all the people sighed as they beheld.

THE ART INSTITUTE

DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR

DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR

By Daniel Chester French
(The Art Institute)

HIS spirit with the wings of genius fanned.
And inspiration kindling in his face,
O Death thou canst not touch him thus apace
With thy remorseless, petrifying hand!
For e'en already at his sweet command
The Sphinx grows gentler, breathing to the race
The mystery of life, and all the grace
That crowns it in the far and shadowed land.
Stand not imperious, Death; let genius do
What only genius can, nor make thine own
The mind's unfinished vision; yet how few
To their completed work thou sparest—prone
To strike the master down in eager view
Of his creation, near perfection grown.

A SAIL ON LAKE MICHIGAN

AN ODE TO LAKE MICHIGAN

SECOND sky spread at the city's feet,
Wherein she sees the dawn light and the cloud,
And reddening radiance pushing in retreat
The morning mists that wrapped her like a shroud—
Wide gateway to the day, when up the slopes
Of darkness charge Apollo's splendid steeds,
Flashing his golden chariot in the sun—
And pathway for the moon when soft she opes
Her quiet progress through the starry meads
Where her full triumph nightly is begun.

Through all thy watery ways swift Commerce runs
With hopes that touch the corners of the world,
Guiding with sleepless eye her eager sons
Whose widely flying flag is never furled;
A thousand sails are flashing evermore,
A thousand engines vibrant to command,
And endless smoke-wreaths floating down the skies—
Thus from the Northland's pine and deepest ore,
And from the sunlit prairies' golden land,
For thee, O Lake, the people's songs arise.

AFTER A STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN

In summer days, when cloudless suns beat hot,
And all the air is still with choking drouth;
When horses fall and men bewail their lot
Before the deadly arrows of the South—
Then from thy deeps of coolness rise and fly,
On breezy wings, the angels of relief,
Wafting sweet breath to cities and to men;
And far and wide, in shop, and office high,
In sooty mills and homes of sad-eyed grief
Sweet benedictions fall beyond thy ken.

And from thy deepest heart, in purest streams,
For all thy city children pours thy life;
While up and down amid thy rippling gleams
A myriad summer souls move free from strife;
White Winter fain would chain thee for his own,
And storm-kings awe thee with their whirling wrath,
As down they hurl high masts and helpless men;
But still unchanged by crash and dying groan
Thou lovest for the dawn to be a path
And worshipest the sun upon his throne.

THE ROSE GARDEN ON THE WOODED ISLE, JACKSON PARK

THE HEART OF THE WOODED ISLE

(Jackson Park)

Over and gone with the roses,
And over and gone with the sun.—[Becket

MID the Jacqueminots' red blooming,
Down a pathway petal-paved,
I caught the scent of richest roses
That the stifled city's heart hath ever craved;
And methought I heard the myriads breathing low this loving song
That on the fragrant breezes sweet came borne to me along:

O Wooded Isle, with heart of deepest rose,
Where smiling stream about thy softness flows,
We love thy deep-hued oaks and tender green
And all the sail-like clouds that float between:
But most of all we love thy heart of rose.

And as homeward through the roses
Slowly turned delaying feet,
And my senses drank the beauty
That the city's wearied heart might ever greet,

BRIDGE TO THE WOODED ISLE, JACKSON PARK

A softened echo seemed to float from out the blackened pall
And gather in its sighing note the loving song of all:

O Wooded Isle, with heart of richest rose,
Where every zephyr lingers as he goes,
Thy golden poplars and thy silvery leaves
We love, and all the birds atilt upon the breeze;
But best of all we love thy heart of rose.

THE SPANISH CARAVELS AND LA RABIDA, JACKSON PARK

FROM THE FIGHTING TOP OF THE "SANTA MARIA"

(Jackson Park, Oct. 11, 1902)

WEEK followed week, and night the weary night,
And yet no light from the imagined shore;
The hopeful morn, the pitiless noon, the night,
And yet no land nor light.
Behind him skeptic scorn and churchly hate,
And with him still a mutinous unfaith—
And on before what else but wind and wave,
Terror and storm, a heartless sky, and death.
Alone with fate, he faced the vast unknown,
Straining his vision through the thickening night—
When lo! from out the west a dim light flashed
And vanished—to rise once more upon his faith
And shine a star forever.

* * *

And here, where once the lookout kept aloft,
Here in this airy "nest" beside the Lake,
I westward look—and lo! a flashing light
Upon the sunset windows, shining where
A myriad homes arise—undreamed by him
That pierced the night and saw the sudden star
Of a new world athwart the chartless gloom.

JACKSON PARK

THE COURT OF HONOR AT NIGHT, WORLD'S FAIR,
FRENCH'S STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC FACING THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

JACKSON PARK

FREDERICK MAC MONNIES, SCULPTOR

THE MAC MONNIES' FOUNTAIN AT NIGHT, IN THE COURT OF HONOR, WORLD'S FAIR

JACKSON PARK DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR

THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC
IN THE COURT OF HONOR, WORLD'S FAIR

THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC

(In the Court of Honor at the World's Fair)
By Daniel Chester French

NGIRT with dreamful beauty thou didst stand,
By day and night illumined, and thy feet
The gathered nations thronged with hom-
age sweet—
The world's hope shining in thine outstretched hand.
The nations left thee there upon the strand
To isolation splendid and complete;
The flames rose round thee with their withering
heat
And touched thy flashing beauty to a brand.
Yet still unscathed thy spirit could not die,—
And o'er the land thy rising genius leads,
And summons all to freedom and the sky;
Like thine own eagle that no respite needs,
But sunward mounts with ever clearer eye,
Thou dost persuade to high and higher deeds.

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